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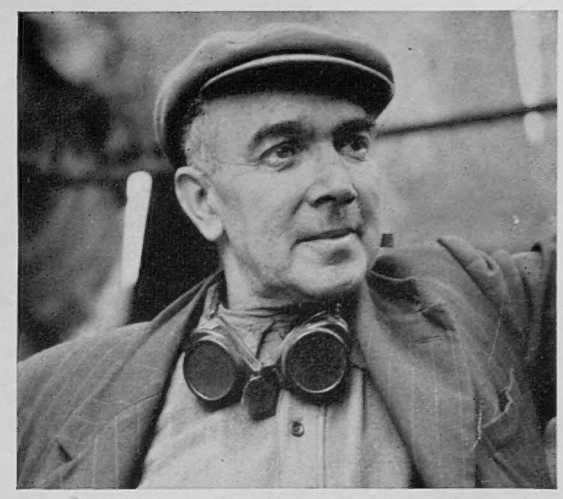
Five members of the McCrory family work in Consett, a steel town fifteen miles from Newcastle and a thousand feet up in the windy moors. Here you see two of them, John (left) and Tony going on shift.



"Dad" McCrory is the senior member of a family of sixteen. He works in "Blast."

Hedley White, shift foreman, says, "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here."

John Moss is shift manager in the melting shop. Both his father and his grandfather worked for Consett.

Two thousand families make this a family business

By Trevor Philpott, Sunday Times reporter. Pictures by David Moore.

"Consett," the blast-furnaceman said over a pint in the Wheatsheaf, "is the 'plate-ends.' Further on there's nothing. Only the moors."

The stranger from the softer South is bound to be asking himself at first, "What makes people live here, fifteen steep miles from Newcastle, a thousand feet up on this windy hillside? What makes them stay? And if they leave, why do they nearly always come back?"

For that is what happens. Once a Consett man, they say, always a Consett man.

The town has grown up with steel. In 1840, when the sheep were still grazing over these hills, over the finest coking coal for hundreds of miles, Consett was a village of 195 souls. Now it has over seven thousand workers, and a production target of a million tons for 1958: steel plates four inches thick for atomic reactor shells, steel for the walls of supersonic wind tunnels, steel for railway wagons, boilers, bedplates, storage tanks; steel, above all, for the busy shipyards of the North-East coast.

Consett and its Iron Company have grown and prospered together. Grandfather, father, son and grandson, feel they have places there; so do uncles and cousins, daughters and daughters-in-law. It is a family business. And over two thousand families are in it.

The McCrory family is one of them. Tony, a sixteen-year-old boy labourer, stood on one of the steel plates and tried to remember how many relatives he had in the steelworks. "Do you mean all of them? Well there's Dad, up the Blast. And my brothers, Hughie on the Bessemer, Herbert in the fitting shop, John driving a crane, not counting Jimmy who's called up now, but will soon be back in the New Mill. Then I've got cousins and brothers-in-law, uncles – well, there were sixteen in my family you know, not counting Dad and Mam."

"I'D BE LOST"

John Moss, shift manager in the melting shop, stood beside one of his open-hearth furnaces and said with quiet pride, "Ay. It's a good job I've got and everybody here knows I worked hard enough to get it: progressively labourer, fourth hand, third hand, second hand . . . all the way through. Nobody's envious, everybody knows me. I'd be lost if I had to leave Consett. Dad was a first-hand melter here. Old George Moss, my grandfather, used to work on the furnaces when they fed 'em with hand charges, twenty-five tons at a time pushed in through the front door. Now we've got 150-ton furnaces and electrically-controlled casting cars and we get 20,000 tons a week."

NOBODY LONELY

In the plate mill, Kenneth Hambleton was acting as assistant foreman. "My father worked the shears in this mill. And my grandfather worked here too. I've got six brothers and two sisters in the works, and Lord knows how many uncles and cousins."

"There's not a lonely person in Consett," said Hedley White, the shift foreman, "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here. In a big works like this, growing so fast, there's a job for every kind of chap. Some go away for experience and a few have itchy feet for a while, but they all seem to settle here eventually. On this shift I've got chaps who've been brought here by the local girls. The girls don't like going away either."

In the choirs, the sports teams, the dramatic groups, the young folks' and old folks' clubs that thrive in this isolated town, the people can play, as they work, amongst friends with whom the ties are generations strong. "And before you go," Hedley White went on, "take a look at some of the country around here . . . within a few minutes' walk of the works. We've got some jolly good cricketers and golfers amongst our lads – you'll see why."

The cricket ground, levelled out of the hillside and, still higher, the golf course, hung like two fantastic verandahs looking over one of the loveliest valleys in Britain. Beyond it, the hills are heaped faintly on the horizon all the way to the border.

Hidden on the other flank of the same hill are the tangled silhouettes of a steelworks, growing still, which provides this exposed working town with a security and warmth which many a spa and showplace will never have.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and the men who make it.

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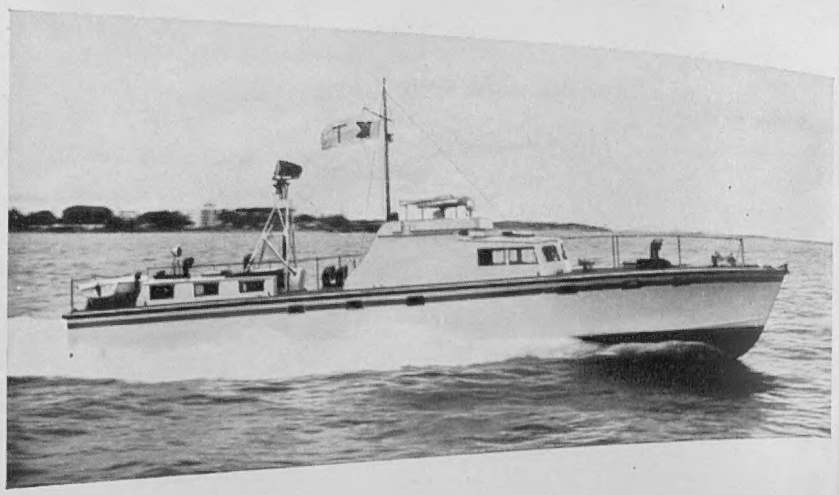

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3049

The SPHERE, London, September 6, 1958

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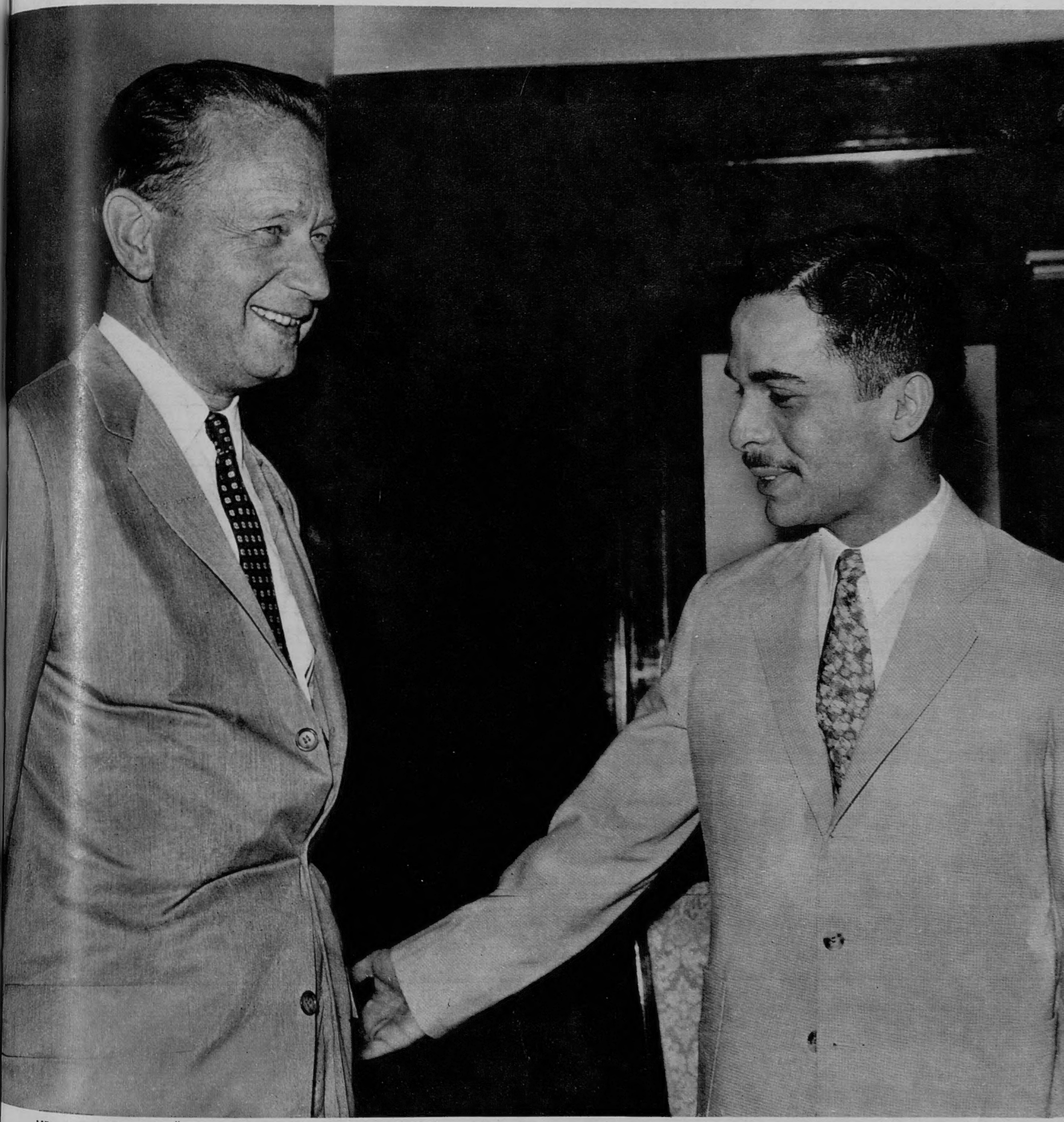

MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD IN JORDAN—A MIDDLE EAST PEACE MISSION: King Hussein greets the Secretary-General of the United Nations at the Royal Palace in Amman. Mr. Hammarskjöld had flown to Jordan from Beirut. On Friday of last week, a joint statement was issued to the effect that neither a United Nations force nor a border observation group was to be stationed in Jordan. It was agreed that neither force would adequately assist the intentions of the U.N.

By the middle of last week, Cairo Radio and the "Voice of the Arabs" had renewed their broadcast campaigns against Jordan and Lebanon. This again aggravated tensions in the Middle East and grave concern was expressed by officials in Jordan who had hoped that the Arab resolution in the U.N. would result in the ending of incitements to revolt. It was in this atmosphere that Mr. Hammarskjöld arrived in Amman for talks with King Hussein and Semir Rifai, Jordan's Prime Minister. In the statement issued prior to Mr. Hammarskjöld's return to Beirut, it was announced that neither a U.N. force nor a border observation force would adequately serve the purposes the General Assembly had in mind. Consultations were thus concerned with other forms of U.N. "presence." Semir Rifai told Mr. Hammarskjöld that British troops would not be asked to leave the country until the security of Jordan had been assured and external aggression and subversion ceased. Mr. Hammarskjöld was due to visit Cairo this week before returning to Amman for further consultations. (Further pictures from Jordan and Lebanon on pages 344–345.)

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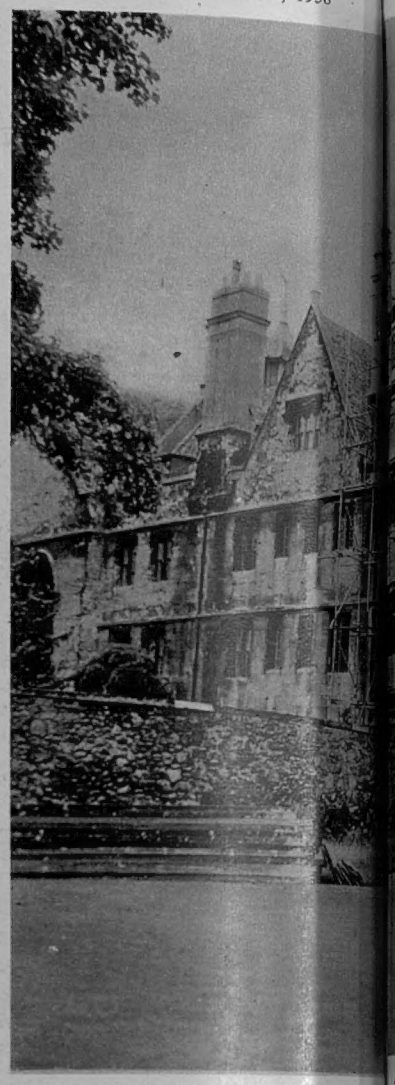
DISMANTLING THE ROOF OF CANNON STREET STATION: The view, as seen from the end of the platforms, shows the moving gantry which is being used to remove spans from the ninety-two-year-old roof which was badly damaged by bombs during the war. Before demolition could be started, all the roofing had to be removed. The work is expected to take a year and over 1,000 tons of metal will have to be removed during reconstruction and modernisation. The station is also to be rebuilt and modernised.



SUCCESS OF OXFORD HISTORIC BUILDINGS being carried out on the fabric of Britain and abroad, from industrial Halifax, Chancellor of the University,

A London Newsletter

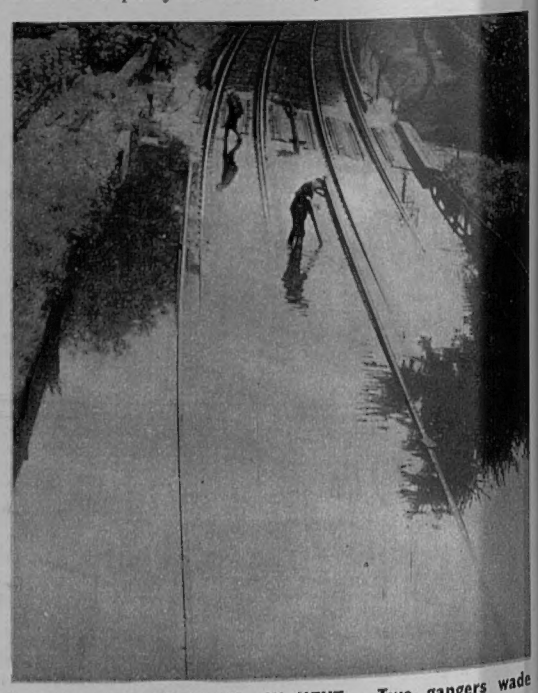
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

So Far, so Good.—The most confident prophet and most optimistic lobbyist at the General Assembly did not forecast the way by which the Middle East *impasse* and fog would be temporarily resolved. It reminded me of George Birmingham's solution of the *impasse* in *The Red Hand of Ulster*. How came it about that a very temporary peace should be patched up by the sudden co-operation of the rival firebrands in propounding a unanimously agreed resolution so favourable to Britain and America, so flattering to the usefulness of the U.N., so dependent on a new restraint to be shown by Nasser? How came it that Hussein and Nasser became blood-brothers for a day? Miracle or expediency? One can only assume that the time comes when even the bonniest fighter needs a breathing-space and is prepared to come to terms in order to gain the seclusion of his tent. Even in Cyprus, there is faint proof that even the shedding of blood can grow boring, and the sword outwear its sheath or need to be resharpened at leisure. At any rate, the old murder-gangs are recruiting fresh blood. The very vagueness of the terms of the triumphant resolution points to that truth. It is a compromise *in excelsis*. The withdrawals of American and British forces are *sine die*, depending on non-interference by the United Arab Republic in various insidious ways. Thus, the archetype of "interference" is accepted until more is known of the good intentions of the less obvious interferers. For how long? No one can forecast how long good behaviour may prove a pleasant change, or how soon a new *casus belli* will end the truce. But, no doubt at all, the General Assembly had produced a surprisingly promising rabbit from the old top hat.

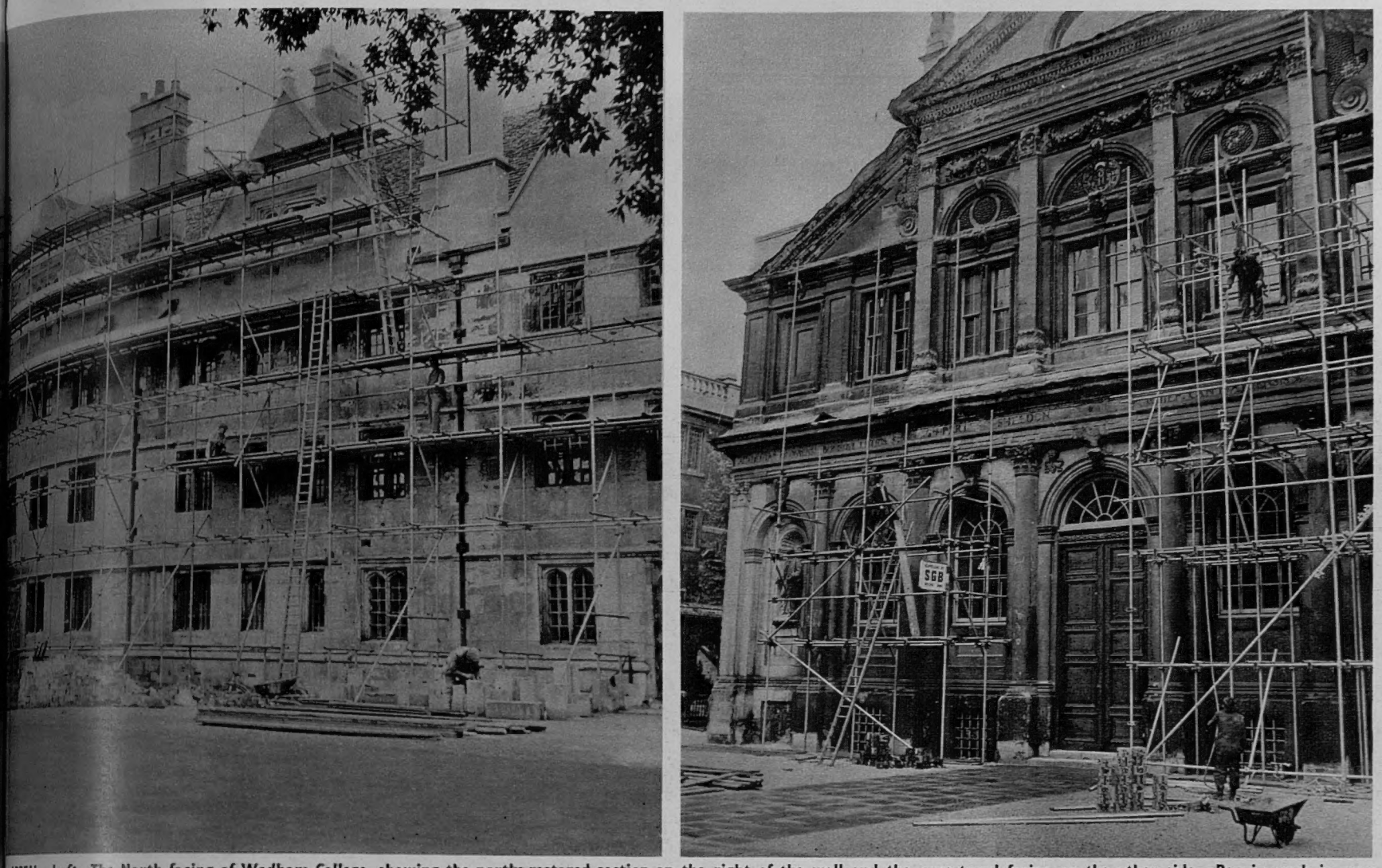
Lord Chief Justice.—The sudden death of Sir A. Cockburn in 1880 gave to Lord Coleridge the "highest unpolitical seat in the judicial hierarchy," and I believe Lord Coleridge was the first to be described as "Lord Chief Justice of England" in his patent. What a galaxy of legal talent and other talents that office has held, with such names as Cockburn, Coleridge, Reading and Goddard, to list a few. Most of them were men of dominant character, had been great advocates, more or less learned in the law, of retentive memory, masters of relevance, courteous to the Bar. Coleridge was outstanding for his social gifts; Cockburn was not a great judge. Reading was by far the most brilliant and versatile. All of them were masters of relevance and knew how and when to cut the cackle and come down to brass-tacks, even sometimes at the expense of courtesy. Lord Goddard, who has held the great office for a quarter-century, has now announced his retirement. The announcement coincides with the revelation that the prisons of England were never so overcrowded as to-day! Lord Goddard has been a controversial figure, as all men of strong character are, who have the courage to speak out. Yet humanity and sympathy with the underdog have been his constant attributes. He loathed pomposity, unintelligible drafting of laws and regulations, excesses in sex and drink, snooping and bureaucratic tyranny. He was often harsh with lay magistrates who abused their powers or revealed in their sentences a dislike of the law as it stood. But he leaves the Bench stronger and more in tune with changing times than ever it was, and, behind his sternness and bluntness, humanity and kindliness and humility shone out. He will rank among the greatest in his high office.

Broadcast Interviews.—Television technique is still in the making, no doubt, and sound broadcasting also must always face criticism—often on the score of lack of fresh ideas. TV can chalk up so many early triumphs, in sport and music especially—what could be better than its Salzburg *Cosi fan tutte*?—that it can afford to listen to minor criticisms. Of all the features of sound and visual broadcasting, those most in need of pruning and improving in my opinion are "interviews" with so-called V.I.P.s. And I note with regret that they are to be greatly increased. There are far too many "interviews" in sport television. The chosen subject is seldom capable of expressing himself even if prompted by a single, trained interviewer. He stutters and repeats a few clichés to general boredom. When he is faced with a panel of interviewers, their lack of drill prevents even an educated subject from expressing himself. Such features as "Frankly Speaking" revolt me and produce the effect of a mutual admiration society co-operating in a commercial boost. In TV, "Press Conference" is a feature at once irritating and often pernicious. There is a babble of questions and interrupted answers and one sometimes gets the impression of a tipsy brawl outside a "local," or, more innocent, of a cackle in the hen-roost. I can never understand why "eminent" men and women fall to that form of boost. It is understandable that the athletic star of a single day should make the most of his ephemeral *réclame*. Educated men and women should know better. On the other hand, the "Brains Trust," under TV arrangements, has gained in interest and almost justifies its monstrous title now and then.

A Matter of Prestige.—Perhaps the cost of the U.S.A.'s second attempt to send a rocket to the moon will be less than the first. Still, it 's a costly business and some think the money could be better spent. Malaria, we were reminded by a writer to *The Times*, still claims 2,000,000 victims every year and cholera is still a mighty killer. Then there is the common cold, a great waster of time and money, and still a medical puzzle. It 's a matter of prestige, this moon-raking; and prestige must be paid for. Still, there *is* cogency in the argument that brighter prestige could be won by the nation that conquered malaria—or the common cold—than by the nation which first bumps or encircles the moon. It 's not only a matter of muddled standards of value; it is still more a matter of muddled priorities. First put your own little planet in order (and much



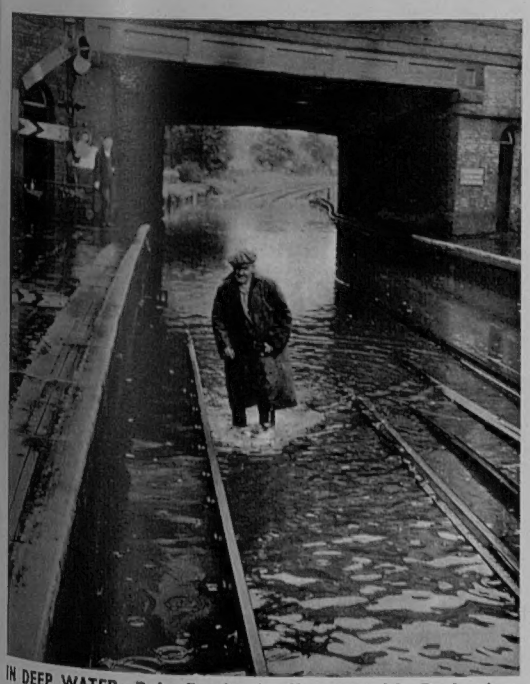
FLOODS AT BECKENHAM, IN KENT: Two gangers wade through the water just outside Clockhouse Station, clearing the debris and checking the line.



APPEAL: *Left*—The North facing of Wadham College, showing the partly-restored section on the right of the wall and the unrestored facing on the other side. Repair work is now twelve colleges. *Right*—Tubular scaffolding is erected on the south side of the Sheldonian Theatre, designed by Wren. Gifts from past and present members of Oxford University in and commercial firms, charitable trusts and the Government have enabled the £1,750,000 sought for the repairs to be raised in thirteen months. In a congratulatory letter Lord said: "Lovers of Oxford everywhere will read the news of this achievement with joy and lively gratitude. It is a fine tribute to Oxford's past and a real inspiration for the future."

remains to do). Then reach out for the moon. What *earthly* right have we to infect the moon with our larger lunacy?

Importance of the Moon—and of the Earth.—A. P. Herbert often intervenes with a word of wisdom or warning about the trends and foibles of earthly life and he expects (and is usually right) to evoke controversy. In his letter on control of science, he knows already that he does not "weep alone" about the American intrusion on the moon. It seems that he and I missed altogether the vital point in this expensive intrusion. We need the moon as a dormitory town. It is inevitable that the earth will eventually become overcrowded. That I accept as an understatement. So we must have the moon, Mars, and so on, for our overspill. This seems to me to point to a certain selfishness and vainglory among earth's inhabitants—the assumption that we are the only pebble on the heavenly beach. It seems a little hard on Mars and the moon that they must suffer corruption of their peaceful way of life by accepting some of our notions and customs, even if they accept them from the hands of a picked cohort of emigrants. And, apart from the *hubris* of this demand for living space on other planets, it seems reasonable and right that we should first try to distribute our surplus population more equitably on the world's face by making more habitable the Poles, the Sahara and tracts of Australia and the Far North of America or the Far South. That would take us well into the next century. As a dormitory town, there is no urgent priority in probing the moon, and it is only decent and Christian to keep our beastly microbes at home and not infest the stars with our poisons.



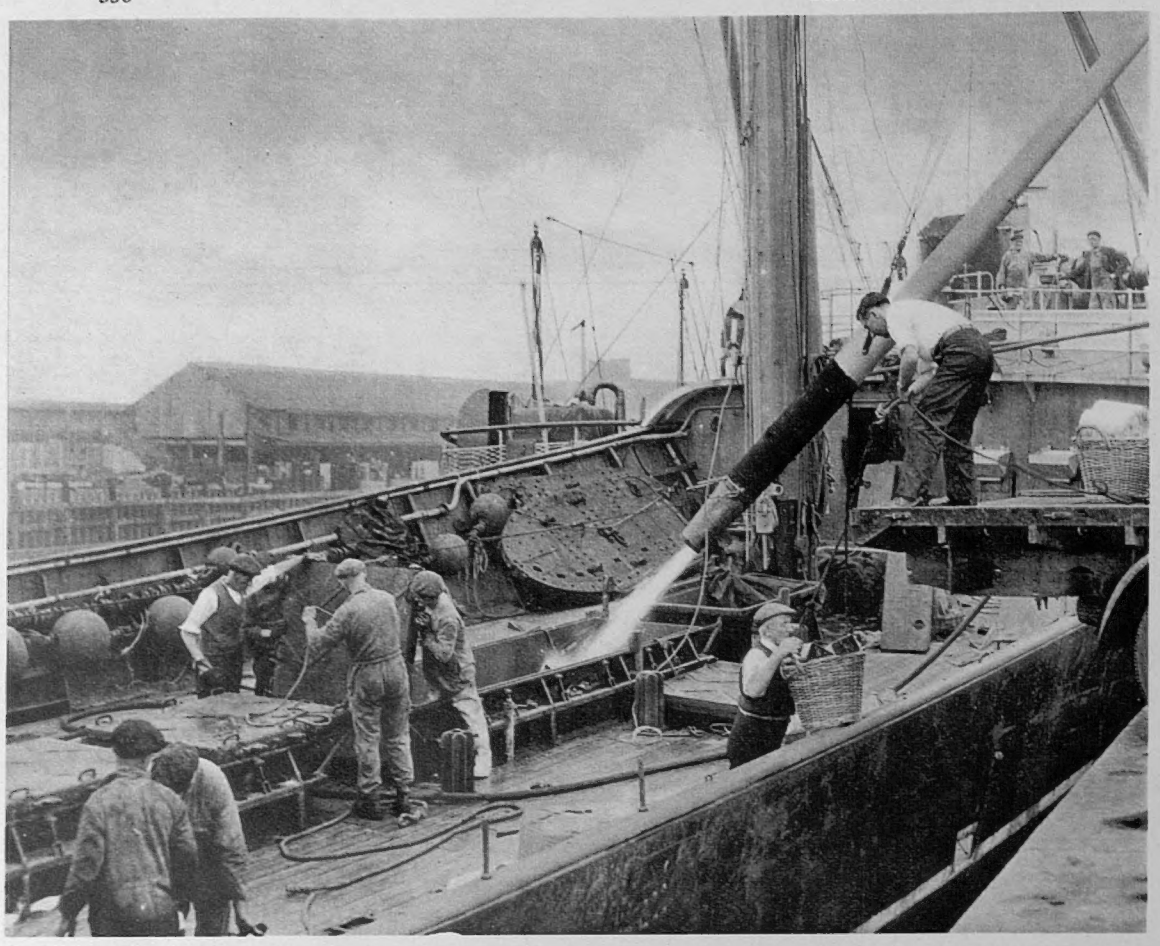
IN DEEP WATER: Rain floods the lines outside Beckenham after violent storms swept S.E. England last week. Many roads were flooded, and lightning damaged houses.

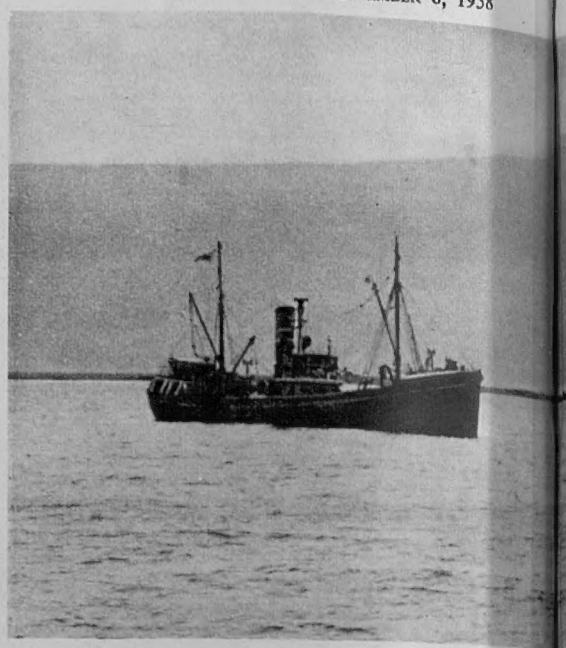
"Good Red-Herring."—The Devon and Somerset Staghounds snatched a chance when the day's duty-men of the League Against Cruel Sports had gone up to London to see *My Fair Lady* or perhaps achieve a hair-do. They killed a stag at their seventh attempt. The Master said hounds hunted well and scent improved; the League retorted that the stag was too fat to run and was caught only because no red-herring had been laid. Where will all this end? The Devon and Somerset are only one pack out of hundreds, though they get a start three months before the rest. And now shooting is rife again. The grouse (what there are of them) are being decimated, and the Premier has accounted for many brace; and the partridges are legitimate targets for those with game licences. I suppose there must be a beginning for all campaigns. I fancy that humanitarianism first strains at a camel and swallows a fly. The bigger the victim, the more grievous and cruel the death. I felt that myself when I went stalking. Certainly, there is no "logic" in "humane" men enjoying hunting or shooting. Most of them could not bring themselves to wring the neck of an old hen they had fed or endure the thought of putting-down an old terrier. But cruelty to a stag is not different from cruelty to a wren, and the task before the League is infinitely large and complex. I rather wonder it did not start with a publicity and political campaign to end the mass-murder and mass-torture of red-deer by poachers, which the Government has no time to worry about.

Titles to Fame.—We need something to laugh over, even in the silly season, at any rate *this* silly season of dampness, drabness and darkness; and protocol and the life peers supply it in full measure with their choices of titles. Some of these life peers saw their best chance of recognition in going as near as they dared to existing hereditary titles. Others reached for the moon, only to be checked by the protocol authorities who feared that there might be no territorial or county titles left for future hereditary earls. Thus, Sir R. Boothby reached for Buchan but has been willingly persuaded to modify it with the addition of Rattray Head. Sir Edward Twining becomes Lord Twining of Tanganyika, but his expanse of pride is conditioned by the addition of Godalming (Surrey). You smile? You mustn't smile at the *things that matter*, unless you can prove that such things matter only to directors and guardians of museums, and that England in 1958 is still largely a museum. In a year or two, some of these life peers will be dead and their titles will die with them. But while they live, it wouldn't do to treat them as "inferior" to the old territorial Lords of Parliament. They have their feelings like you and me.

Dublin's Way.—I rather sympathise with the feelings of some Irishmen about some of their statues put up to English "worthies" in Dublin. The 13th Earl of Eglinton, for instance, who for short periods was twice Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the '50's of last century, was no doubt a genial fellow and something of a dandy, but, as a man, I doubt if he deserved a statue, stronger than brass in a "foreign" capital. But why do they go about the business of weeding-out statuary the hard and dangerous way? I should have thought that majority public opinion, exerting pressure in a constitutional way, could fairly soon secure from the authorities a reconsideration of Dublin's existing statuary and effect the removal of those monuments which commemorate persons of no importance and should justifiably be reprieved only on the ground of the artistic merit of the monument. But I suppose that is not Dublin's way. Like the young Shakespeare of fiction, they prefer to kill a calf with a high gesture, and gelignite and underground sabotage are to be preferred to lobbying and reasoned argument. We in London may have had our views about Mr. Peabody—that worthy man—or the Grand old Duke of York, or other war-leaders whose feathers and horse-tails afford nests for sparrows, but we go about the business of weeding-out more peacefully. Perhaps gelignite would be quicker after all. But it is certainly more dangerous.

Discipline.—Lord Montgomery proved a true prophet when, in his year of office, he said at the M.C.C. annual dinner in 1956 that discipline in first-class cricket is as essential as in an army. It is a pity that it was left to him in 1958 to remind us of what he then said. And discipline is necessary not only in an army and in first-class cricket. It is necessary in a nation and only during the crises of war is it possible to enforce it in modern times. What a comfort and convenience it would be if we could install a military dictator, with plenary powers, to work side by side with our political and legal authorities with power to conscript all those saboteurs of national life and well-being who are convicted of crimes against the state, the Teddy-boys, the knife-slashers, the unauthorised strikers, the fire- and police-hoaxers, and to press-gang them into a labour division under strict military discipline and under a Lord Montgomery. Then we should hear and read less of Teddy-boys and knife-fighters and futile strikes and poisonous amateur journalists, while these gentry did a useful job of work on the square and on new trunk roads and modernised prisons. THE OLD STAGER





THE FISHERIES DISPUTE

Trawlers Approach the Fishing Grounds off Iceland

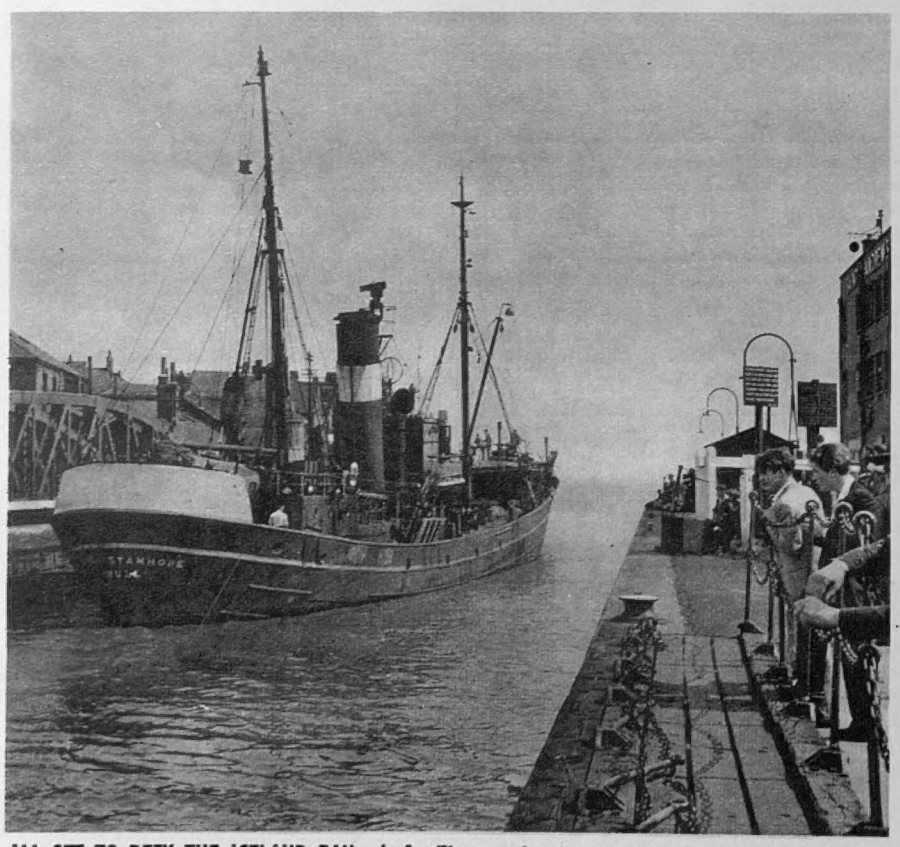
LOADING A TRAWLER: Ice is poured down a chute into the hold of the trawler *St. Britwin* during loading operations at Hull prior to the start of the vessel's expedition to fish off the coast of Iceland. When the Icelandic Government's decree restricting fishing up to a twelve-mile limit came into force at midnight on September 1, about fifty British trawlers were ready to move over the limited line. They were protected by the Royal Navy frigates.

On right—

THE START OF A LONG JOURNEY: Trawlers leave the harbour at Hull at the beginning of a 1,000-mile journey to Iceland to fish in the traditional grounds which are now disputed waters. Trawlers leaving Hull were ordered to make their way into the twelve-mile limit.

If any attempt is made by Icelandic gunboats to interfere with British trawlers now fishing in the twelve-mile limit off Iceland, under close guard from the Fishery Protection Squadron, a policy of "passive resistance" is to be adopted. Orders issued to skippers are: (1) Any attempt at interference by Icelandic fishery vessels must be ignored. (2) Skippers are to refuse to haul in their fishing gear if ordered to do so. This will render it difficult for the Icelanders to force them into port. (3) If challenged they are to continue fishing in the normal way. (4) They must in no way facilitate the boarding of their vessels by crews of the Icelandic gunboats.

A tense situation has now developed over Iceland's insistence on recognition of her right to extend her fishing limits unilaterally. The British view is that such recognition would be contrary to international law. As such, the new decree has been ignored and the Royal Navy's Fishery Protection Squadron has arrived in the disputed areas to guard the trawlers while fishing.



ALL SET TO DEFY THE ICELAND BAN: *Left*—The trawler *Lord Stanhope* heads towards open sea en route to the disputed waters. *Right*—The *Lord Tay*, another trawler to leave Hull, steams away from the quay. Trawlers may now be fishing within Iceland's twelve-mile fishery limit, guarded by a squadron of fishery protection ships. The squadron is under the orders of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries while on protection duties, but should a shot be fired they would come under direct orders of the Admiralty.

BRITISH TRAWLER ARRESTED: The Fleetwood trawler *Lord Plender* is escorted into Reykjavik by the Icelandic fisheries protection vessel *Thor*. She had been arrested last week by the gunboat, on the west coast of Iceland, for fishing within the four-mile limit.

OTECTING BRITISH TRAWLERS AT PRESENT FISHING IN ICELANDIC WATERS: *Left*—The frigate *Eastbourne*, 2,200 tons, is one of the most recent additions to the Royal Navy's Fishery Protection Squadron. *Right*—H.M.S. *Wotton* speeds through the water. Some forty British trawlers were reported to have arrived in the Icelandic coastal waters with another fifty on the way. More than six Icelandic gunboats are patrolling the twelve-mile limit. Any unguarded trawlers will be arrested immediately.

YPICAL ICELAND FISHING VILLAGE: Fishermen unload their haul at a village on the west coast of Iceland. The Icelandic Government, in describing the background of the current situation, claims that from 1631 to 1662 the fishing limit was at twenty-four miles from the coast. From then until 1859 the distance dropped to sixteen miles and in the second half of the nineteenth century restrictions were lax because Iceland was a Danish colony. It is claimed that the new extension was for fishing and not territorial purposes.

CLASH OVER FORMOSA

Intensive Bombardment of the Chinese Nationalist Island of Quemoy; American Naval Reinforcements

World attention shifted last week from the Middle East to China where tension became acute after Peking radio had broadcast to the Nationalist Commander of Quemoy, General Hu Lien, that it was intended "to liberate the island immediately." An intensive shelling began of offshore islands held by forces under Chiang Kai-shek. One of President Eisenhower's speeches suggested that any full-scale attack on these islands would be considered as a preliminary to an assault on Formosa itself and that therefore American troops would be engaged to defend the islands. The State Department said it would be "highly hazardous" to assume that an assault could remain a "limited operation" and described Chinese threats against Formosa and the bombardment of Quemoy as "stark reminders of Peking's militarism and aggressive expansionism." The Soviet Communist Party newspaper *Pravda* warned the United States that the Soviet Union would aid Communist China in the event of a clash over Formosa. "The liberation of Formosa," *Pravda* continued, "and other offshore islands belonging to China, is the internal affair of the Chinese people."

At the beginning of this week the bombardment of Quemoy and other islands slackened. This coincided with the build-up of U.S. naval forces in the area. According to an American naval source in Taipeh, the 7th Fleet and its reinforcements was the "greatest striking power in history."

ON GUARD ON THE ISLAND OF QUEMOY: A Chinese Nationalist soldier in a pill-box looks across the sea towards territory held by the Communists. The United States stated that the Chinese Nationalist offshore islands possessed "intimate ties" with Formosa and action against them could not be considered as a "limited operation."

On right—

INSPECTING THE TROOPS: Captain H. B. Kerby, Member of Parliament for Arundel and Shoreham, talks to a Chinese Nationalist soldier, holding a bazooka. He was paying a visit to Quemoy during a recent tour of Formosa.

PREPARING FOR ACTION: Nationalist troops on Quemoy position a field artillery gun. President Eisenhower said that more than a third of the Chinese Nationalist forces were deployed west of the Pescadores on the Quemoy and Matsu groups of offshore islands. The estimated number of these troops has been given as over 120,000.

ISLAND DEFENCES: Troops with rifles and a bazooka crouch in a passage in the rock of Quemoy. Under heavy shelling—as many as 8,000 rounds in one day—from the Communist mainland, the island has been turned into a honeycomb of passages and caves.

SETTING UP BARBED-WIRE FENCES: Preparations are made by Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers on Quemoy to resist attack. There have been unconfirmed reports of attempted landings by Communist troops on the neighbouring offshore islands.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TERRORISM IN FRANCE—ALGERIAN DISSIDENTS MAKE A SERIES OF ATTACKS ACROSS A WIDE AREA: *Left*—Firemen play hoses on to a collapsed, but still blazing, oil storage tank after the oil refinery at Mourepiane, near Marseilles, had been sabotaged. *Right*—Storage tanks are left crumpled after exploding during the fire. The attack on the oil depot was one of a series made last week by Algerian terrorists of the National Liberation Front while the Prime Minister, General de Gaulle, was making his African tour to gain support for the referendum on his proposed new Constitution. The incidents coincided with the execution of two Muslim terrorists in Algeria. A number of people were injured during the attacks on the oil depots and four policemen were killed during raids in the Paris area. Millions of gallons of oil are reported to have been destroyed. After the attacks troops were detailed to protect other likely targets, and leave for the Sûreté National was cancelled. (Pictures of General de Gaulle on tour in Africa are on page 351.)

On left—
A ROUND-UP OF ALGERIAN SUSPECTS IN PARIS: They are detained behind barriers in a police sports field after a series of mass arrests by the police had followed the acts of sabotage in the country. Many of the suspects were released after questioning. Arrests also took place in other parts of the country.

AFTER THE SABOTAGE: *Left*—Machine-gun in hand, a policeman stands guard at the entrance to the garage of the Police Headquarters in Paris which had been attacked by terrorists during a night of raids. Three policemen were killed by machine-gun fire as Algerians tried to set fire to the garage. *Centre*—A street barricade has been erected to cordon off the area which the police have been using for the detention of suspects. *Right*—A policeman checks the papers of a pedestrian.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

IN NOTTING HILL GATE: Police march a man through the crowd. Later disturbances seemed to be between police and white people, many of them youths in teddy-boy clothes. Crowds jeered at coloured people and collected outside the houses of non-whites.

RACIAL FIGHTS IN LONDON: A policeman, without his helmet and holding his forehead, is helped to a waiting police car during disturbances in Notting Hill Gate, London, last week-end. More than 400 people were involved; seventeen persons, four of them coloured, were arrested on charges varying from using insulting behaviour and possessing offensive weapons to assaulting the police. In a fight between ten coloured people and seven whites, one white man was stabbed in the shoulder. An elderly woman was knocked over and a boy hit in the mouth with a broken bottle. At St. Charles Hospital, a coloured man and two white men were detained in hospital with cuts. The police were jeered at by white and coloured youths, and broken bottles were thrown. The trouble began in Bramley Road, Blechynden Street and Lancaster Road. It was said that burning material was thrown through a window of a house occupied by a coloured man, but the fire was quickly put out. Eye-witnesses said they had seen choppers and knives being brandished.

On right—

DISASTROUS FIRE IN TURKEY: In this aerial view smoke is seen pouring from buildings in a big bazaar in Bursa, the early capital of the Ottoman Empire. The fire swept through the bazaar and it is estimated that more than 1,000 shops were destroyed. The President of Turkey has since visited the area. Bursa is about sixty miles south-east of Istanbul.

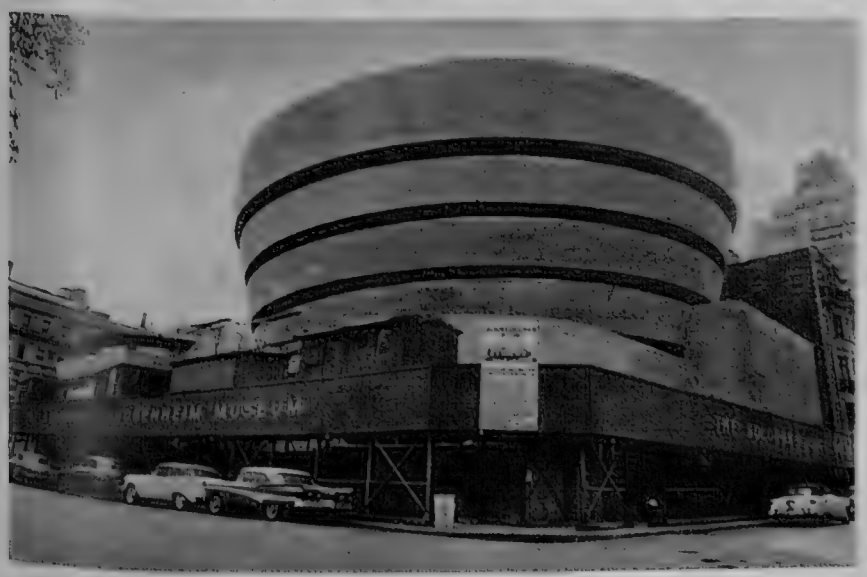
A CYPRIOT DEMONSTRATION ON THE EVE OF THE T.U.C. CONGRESS: Backed by posters spelling out the words "Set Cyprus Free," a speaker addresses holiday-makers at an open-air meeting near the pier at Bournemouth. Some 200 Cypriots and British people marched through the town in connection with the meeting. The Trade Union Congress was expected to be the scene of an angry clash over internal policy. This concerned Mr. L. Cannon, former education officer of the Electrical Trades Union. It was claimed that he had been unable to secure election to various union posts after leaving the Communist Party.

SURREY WIN THE COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SEVENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION: Peter May, the County and England captain (centre in dark blazer), celebrates the victory with members of the team at the Oval. On the left are McIntyre (foreground) and Loader (next to May), and on the right are Lock and M. Tremlett, captain of the Somerset team who were playing Surrey during the deciding match. The game was left drawn, but Surrey took points for first innings lead. It was then certain that Hampshire, the runners-up, could not overtake Surrey.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"A SOLEMN OBLIGATION ON ALL AMERICANS": President Eisenhower reads a prepared statement to his Press Conference in Washington. Referring to the controversy over racial integration in the Central High School at Little Rock, in Arkansas, he said that all United States citizens had "a solemn obligation" to comply with Federal Court Orders. Last month a Federal Court ruled that white and coloured pupils must be integrated at the school. This started again the controversy which made world headlines a year ago. Governor Faubus, of Arkansas, had bills rushed through the State Legislature which, in effect, authorised the closing of the school. On Thursday of last week the U.S. Supreme Court met in special session and decided to hear arguments for and against integration at the school on September 11.

AN INTERNATIONAL GATHERING ON SPACE TRAVEL: Dr. C. Kloff, President of the Dutch Astronautical Association, gives the inaugural address at the opening of the ninth International Astronautical Congress in Amsterdam University. Delegates from twenty-four countries were present. At a later session a film was shown of experiments in America into the problem of "weightlessness" which might affect space travellers of the future. It was demonstrated that in the complete absence of gravity, great difficulty might be encountered in eating and drinking. Before the end of its deliberations the Congress unanimously adopted a four-point programme of policy regarding international co-operation in astronautical research.



A NEW FEATURE BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE IN NEW YORK: This curious drum-like structure is part of the building being erected for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on a site on Fifth Avenue, between 88th and 89th Streets. It has been designed with several unusual external and internal features by the famous eighty-nine-year-old American architect, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, and when completed it will house an art collection.

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM: Refugees from East Germany wait outside the refugee registration office in West Berlin to be given permission to stay in the Free West. In a single week last month the Bureau reported that 5,070 East German citizens had registered. These are only a small proportion of the men and women who make their way weekly by various routes from the Iron Curtain countries to the West. One of the most sensational cases recently of a refugee from East Germany has been Professor Joseph Hämel, Rector of Jena University. He left Jena on the eve of the celebrations of the 400th anniversary of the university. At the time of his flight he was supposed to have been extolling the "socialisation" of his University to the Press. Among other refugees to West Berlin lately have been Dr. Hans Schoppe, Production Chief of the state film company Defa.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LUCERNE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC: In the Jesuit Church in the Swiss city, the Swiss Festival Orchestra and the Lucerne Festival Choir are being conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. The programme consisted of Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Lucerne Festival, which was started in 1938, is being held for a month this year and ends on Wednesday next (September 10). The final programme will be a Symphony concert given by the Philharmonia Orchestra of England, under Otto Klemperer, in the Concert Hall of Lucerne. This will be the second of two concerts by the Philharmonia. The first is scheduled for Monday next. The conductor will be William Steinberg, and Arthur Gumiaux, solo violinist.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On right—

THE LATE DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: The greatest English composer of his time died at his home in London on August 26 at the age of eighty-five. Ralph Vaughan Williams was the son of a Cotswolds Vicar and his upbringing in the English countryside may have given him his abiding love for English folk song which was the basis of so much of his music. It has often been said that he was pre-eminently a musical nationalist, and even in his desolating Sixth Symphony of 1948 he was reflecting the feelings of fellow-countrymen during and after the war. Besides orchestral music, he wrote many choral works and was musical editor of the *English Hymnal*, which included his setting for the hymn "For all the Saints." It is announced that his ashes are to be interred in Westminster Abbey.

REPORTING ON THE NINTH LAMBETH CONFERENCE: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, holds a Press conference to discuss the publication of *The Lambeth Conference, 1958*, which contains the decisions reached by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Anglican Communion during their deliberations at Lambeth Palace. The decisions are set out in 131 resolutions based on the reports of five committees, and the report opens with an encyclical letter. As well as comments on the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and relations between Churches, there are reports on nuclear weapons and the family in contemporary society, with particular reference to family planning.

On right—

A FAMOUS FISHING-TACKLE SHOP TO CLOSE: A group of young enthusiasts look at the display of fishing tackle at a branch in St. James's Street of the old-established fishing-tackle manufacturers, Ogden Smiths. The shop has been bought by an investment company who will use it for their London headquarters. Situated at No. 62, St. James's Street, the bow-fronted shop has been familiar to generations of anglers, and the original house was also well known in the 18th century, long before rods and lines appeared in its front parlour, when it was the site of "Betty's Fruit shop." The lease has been bought for £19,000 by the Murrayfield Real Estate Company Limited, whose chairman, Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, has directed that the front of the house be restored to its full Georgian appearance, with Georgian panes to replace the present glass fronts which were put in after the old windows were blown out during the war.

RECAPTURING THE SPIRIT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: At the inaugural party of the seventh annual Kensington Antiques Fair, held at the Orangery in Holland Park House, Holland Park, dealers and guests are assembled in period costume in an endeavour to recapture the atmosphere of the eighteenth century when the third Lord Holland and his wife entertained the outstanding political and literary personalities of the time. The Fair is being held at Kensington Town Hall.

On right—

AN OLD FOLLY: Seen from a house in Monument Road, Birmingham, is Perrot's Folly, a building 100 ft. high. It consists of seven rooms placed one on top of each other, reached by a narrow spiral staircase running up the side. It was built in 1760 and originally designed as a lookout tower. In the days in which it was built it offered a striking view over the rolling countryside. To-day it is hemmed in by houses and factories. For more than seventy years the building has been the headquarters of the Meteorological Observatory run by the Birmingham and Midland Institute. It is one of only four buildings in the city scheduled as an ancient monument. The Edgbaston Observatory, as it is now called, is one of the few private weather stations in Britain, notable for possessing continuous day-to-day weather information. The building is in urgent need of repair and public subscriptions have been invited.

A NEW GAME: Children clamber happily over a reclining figure made out of reinforced concrete and looking rather like a sculpture by Henry Moore. Known as "Gulliver," it is a "play-sculpture" by Trevor Tennant especially designed for use in a children's playground. It is possible for children to slide down the legs or swing on the bar between the hands. It has been placed in the playground in the London County Council's development area in the St. Anne's neighbourhood in Limehouse, and can be seen from Clement Street.

World Affairs

The Unanimous Resolution—and After

By JOHN CONNELL

At the now historic emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly, which ended with the unanimous support of the ten Arab States' carefully-worded resolution, there was, it has been subsequently revealed, one absentee. This was the Dominican Republic, whose two delegates were said to be engaged on pressing inter-American business in Brazil and Paraguay.

There may come a time, I suspect, when other nations may wish that they had followed the example of the Dominican Republic. But the resolution having been chiselled and hammered into shape, nobody, despite the implicit rebuff to the Soviet Union, and despite India's obvious chagrin at not being permitted to play her cherished role of high-and-mighty mediator, had the blatant hardihood either to oppose it or to abstain from voting. Up went the hands of eighty delegates. Even Israel, glumly admitting the virtue of unanimity on such an occasion, recorded her support for it.

I can understand the relief, born of fatigue and fear, which greeted it. But I have stubbornly refused to join in the subsequent loud and protracted chorus of praise, which has seemed to me quite uncalled for and sickening. It was the result of some of the most tortuous and cynical manœuvres which even the headquarters of the United Nations has ever witnessed—"conceived by Japan," is Alistair Cooke's account of it, "weaned by Norway, kidnapped briefly by the Asians, returned to Norway, adopted by the Arabs, dressed out in a clean bib-and-tucker by three Latin-Americans, and finally exhibited, by the Foreign Minister of the Sudan, to eighty boggling nations to win the hearts of all."

Its effect, as the *New York World-Telegram* pointed out a day or two later, is that the Western Powers "are handing the entire area to a dictator who has been talking tough and are saying to him, 'Now be a good boy.'" The likelihood of Gamal Abdul Nasser having any desire or intention of being a good boy in the eyes of the Western Powers seems to me small indeed. I can make no contribution to the chortles and chirrups of mutual congratulation. I am unpersuaded and suspicious.

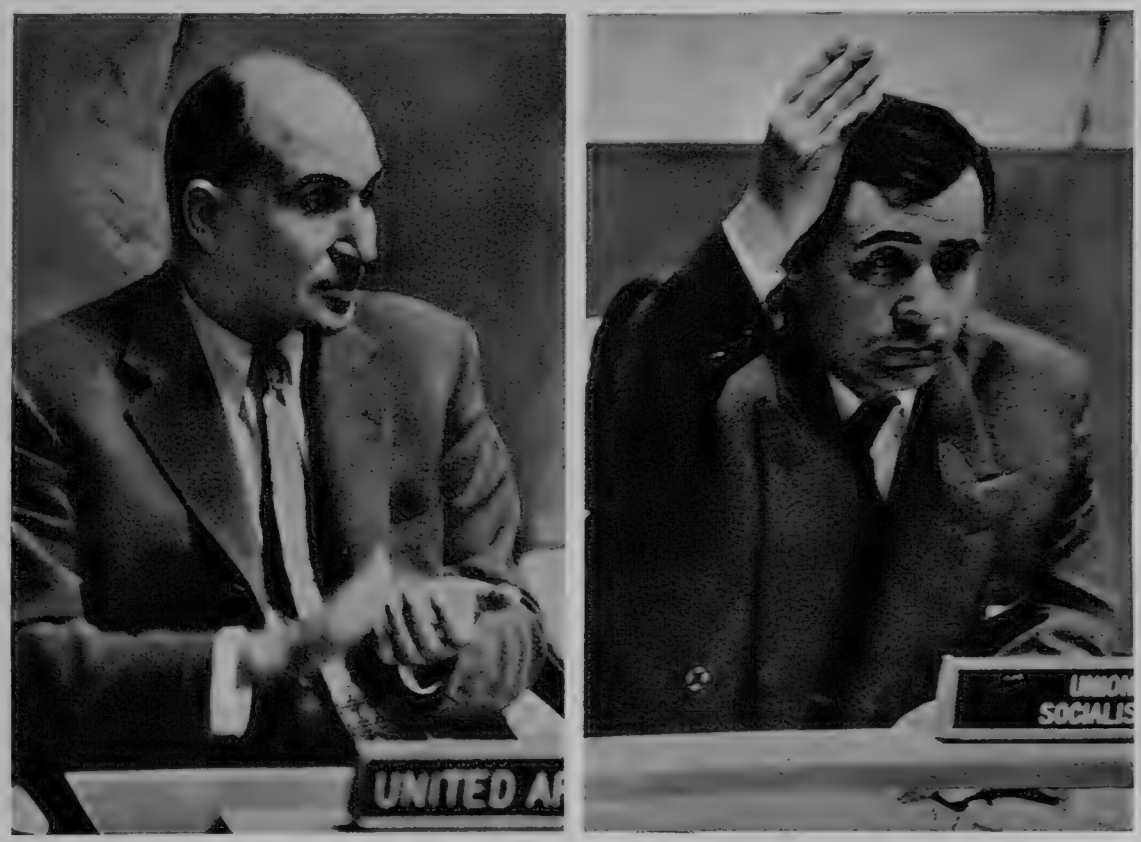
What were the Arab nations' motives? Sherlock Holmes on a famous occasion drew Doctor Watson's attention to the singular phenomenon of the dog that did not bark in the night. What, in all their confusion and mutual jealousy, is the one emotion which instantly and invariably knits the Arabs in a bond of unquestioning brotherhood? Hatred of Israel. What is ostentatiously omitted from the Arabs' resolution? A single word of reference to the existence of Israel. Here is the diplomatic dog which did not bark in the night. The sooner we all recognise its importance the better. However, there is dismally familiar evidence of a widespread and insistent desire to ignore this essential factor and to pretend, along with the Arabs, that it is not there. We need the oil, as I remarked in an earlier article on this page, and we will crawl through every moral garbage-heap to get it; we will also commit, and commit repeatedly, every tactical and strategic blunder in the calendar, and excuse ourselves by saying that the alternative was so hideous that we could not take it.

On grounds of prestige, all the Arab nations, including Jordan and the Lebanon, want the American Marines and the British Parachute Brigade to go, and to go quickly and quietly. This can, and will, be immediately proclaimed as a great moral victory of the freedom-loving Arabs over their criminal colonialist oppressors. If anybody thinks that Cairo and Damascus Radios are going to let our departure—whether jointly or separately made—be accomplished with any shred of decency or dignity, he is bitterly deluded. So far as the millions of listening Arabs are concerned, we shall have been kicked out, and no effort will be spared to expose our cunning, our chicanery and our shame.

The magic formula about "facilitating the early withdrawal" of British and American troops, which was so ingeniously devised by a committee consisting of the representatives of Mexico, Ecuador and Venezuela (I know that this sounds like a phrase from a satirical fantasy by Evelyn Waugh, but it is a grimly factual piece of reporting), doubtless seemed, in the air-conditioned atmosphere of U.N. headquarters, not merely inoffensive but a profoundly important piece of creative diplomacy. But within minutes of the departure of the British and American rearguards, those who a quarter of an hour earlier were selling them their last lollipops and souvenirs will be yelling "Death to the vile colonialists, whom Gamal Abdul Nasser has so nobly trounced!" This is the reality beneath the phrase-making.

It is essential to Nasser's present purposes that the Western Powers assist in their own humiliation and degradation. They must eat dirt and they must be seen to eat dirt. Therefore they must continue to be harassed with requests for money and for arms (his appetite for both of these is quite insatiable), requests which they will consider with great gravity, to which sooner or later they will probably accede. As and when they do, they will instantly be accused of the vilest and most treacherous double-dealing. Gift-horses exist in the contemporary Middle East solely to be grossly abused. An outstanding example of this tendency is the theory, thought up in and around the bar of the Philadelphia Hotel in Amman, and given the widest publicity in left-wing journals in Britain, that Israel's "threat" to occupy the West Bank of Jordan has been covertly encouraged by Her Majesty's Government, and that Israel is the compliant instrument of Britain's subtle and evil machinations against Gamal Abdul Nasser.

Any Arab politician or journalist can invent nightmare tales of this character as rapidly and as frequently as he polishes his fingernails; it is quite a catch when he gets an English admirer to believe and repeat one of them. The truth is, of course, that the British Foreign Office is, as ever, straining every over-tried nerve to appease Nasser and to evade any obligation to, or any connection with, Israel. That there is a considerable body of opinion in Israel in favour of occupying the West Bank the moment King Hussein abdicates or is liquidated, cannot be denied; the most effective argument against that opinion is any hint that the action would be supported or encouraged by the Western Powers—especially Britain.



THE AYES HAVE IT: *Left*—Dr. Fawzi, the Foreign Minister of the United Arab Republic, applauds at the General Assembly Emergency Session in New York after the Arab resolution on the Middle East had been passed unanimously. *Right*—The Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union, Mr. Gromyko, raises his hand to vote for the resolution.

The average Israeli has a markedly uncharitable view of Britain's political and diplomatic activities in the Middle East. Israel's main concern—it has been expressed with some force and frequency, and it was the main reason of the cessation of the Cyprus-Amman airlift over Israel territory—is that the ample supply of arms and ammunition which the British forces in Jordan have built up for themselves will be left behind when those same forces depart and will instantly fall into the grubby, eager hands of the sellers of lollipops and souvenirs. This is a sequence of events which the Israelis know only too well; they acquired—by battle—and made use of for many years vast supplies of arms and equipment which the British obligingly handed over to the Arabs in 1948. Nowadays, curiously enough, they prefer to buy such arms as they need in the open market. What they tend to resent is the constant need to go to the market; and they are a little surprised and faintly aggrieved to be told by British left-wing commentators that "the arms-balance has shifted in Israel's favour." To be quite frank, they think observations of this sort are malicious as well as mendacious.

The underlying purposes of the Arab resolution in my view are these: to lull the Western Powers into a mood of self-interested acquiescence in all Arab actions and aspirations; to extract from the Western Powers every scrap of material assistance, whether in the way of money or in the way of arms, which they can be flattered or bulldozed or blackmailed or frightened into offering; and, as far as possible, to isolate Israel.

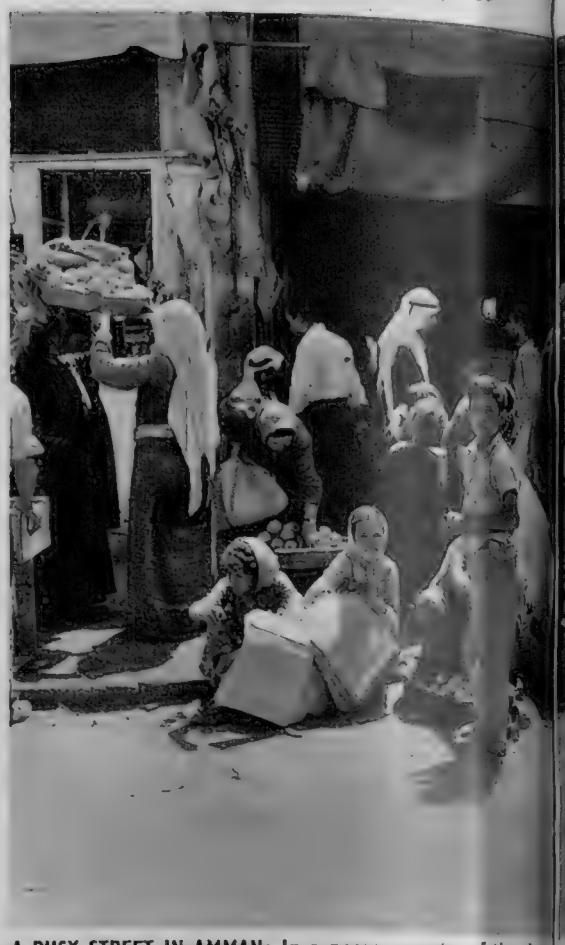
Therefore the sudden resuscitation of the Arab League is a clever and well-timed move. The Arab League has been for six years or so an embarrassing and discredited phantom, spoken about rarely, and then in the accents of someone who is about to tell a slightly unfriendly story about an old, once-distinguished friend or colleague who—for reasons not entirely outside his own control—has fallen into universal discredit.

The Arab League was one of Sir Anthony Eden's less-inspired inventions. Its purpose was to consolidate, under the then ample umbrella—the period was 1942-43—of British protection and leadership, the young Arab nations of the Middle East, who were emerging out of dependent status. It was hoped that they would grow to be sturdy allies, not nagging clients; and the League's most stalwart supporters were the rulers and politicians of the old régimes, who are nowadays either in exile by the Lake of Geneva, or foully murdered, or awaiting trial before military courts set up by those who have so suddenly and so brutally supplanted them. It is a long time since anyone in the Arab world has taken the League at all seriously; that it should suddenly be trotted out, have the dust and the mothballs brushed out of its clothing, have its nose wiped and its face shined up, is as surprising as it is cynical. Whoever thought of thus going down into the morgue—and I have a suspicion that it was Dr. Malik of the Lebanon—must have shrewdly calculated its effect on the West.

All the old, self-styled experts got busy at once. All the old bromides were given a new, post-Suez twist. And Sir Michael Wright came home on leave and for consultations, and hastened to assure journalists and television interviewers that he is getting on famously with the new rulers in Iraq, that the sacking of his Embassy, the brutal murders of the King, the Crown Prince and the Prime Minister, and, incidentally, the purloining of all the secret files of the Bagdad Pact Organisation, were all trivial, routine incidents whose real effect had been magnified and distorted by a few alarmists and inveterate opponents of good relations between Britain and her Arab friends.

I foresee—and I dread—a new, nauseatingly eager round of efforts to "come to terms with Arab nationalism" within the framework of the Arab League. I foresee further failure and dishonour. The prospect is not, I admit, a particularly cheerful one; for me, at any rate, it is certainly not lightened by the macabre and thoughtless optimism which greeted the closure of the singularly unnecessary emergency session of the General Assembly of the United Nations. That much-praised resolution may, in the end, prove a fraud and a disaster.

CONTRASTS IN THE CAPITAL OF JORDAN: Buses and cars stream along one of the main streets of Amman. The surrounding buildings at certain points seem to be crowded on top of each other. Some of them are modern and of reinforced concrete. Others are in the traditional Middle East style. Amman's population is estimated to be about 250,000.



A BUSY STREET IN AMMAN: In a poorer quarter of the city, a street is crowded with Arabs going about their business. Children as well as baskets clutter up the pavement.

During the last days of August items of news were reported from Jordan and Lebanon which illustrated some differences between those two countries. In Amman, King Hussein received a delegation of about a hundred sheikhs and notables from the northern districts of his kingdom. First of all they proclaimed their loyalty to their young ruler, with the help of a pæan of praise declaimed by a poet hired for the occasion. Then they asked for mercy for thirteen north Jordanian tribesmen who had been sentenced to death for allegedly helping in gun-running operations into Jordan. Hussein replied with a fatherly address in which he assured his petitioners that their pleas would be most carefully considered, he hoped favourably.

The rebels in Lebanon had not to ask for mercy from the Head of their State. At the house of Saeb Salem in Beirut prominent rebels and parliamentary oppositionists met to consider their future in relation to President-elect Chehab. Although security precautions were taken and rebel spokesmen referred mysteriously to the conference taking place "somewhere in the Lebanese homeland," no one in Beirut was ignorant of what was happening. The main result of the rebel discussions seemed to be that they would be prepared to join a Chehab administration under certain conditions—notably the withdrawal of the Americans and the immediate resignation of "the traitor Chamoun," whose term of office as President expires on September 20.

HEARING PETITIONS FOR ROYAL CLEMENCY: King Hussein sits in his palace in Amman and listens intently as appeals are made to him by tribesmen on behalf of relatives sentenced to death for smuggling arms.

A PLEA FOR MERCY: The seated sheikhs watch their representative addressing King Hussein to petition on their behalf for mercy for the convicted tribesmen. Before the appeals were heard, the gathering of notables proclaimed loyalty to their ruler. Later the King promised to consider the pleas for mercy.

In Amman and Beirut

King Hussein and His Country; A Conference of Lebanese Rebels

A PARADE OF THE REBEL ARMY IN BEIRUT: Carrying their arms ready for action and keeping an eye on the surrounding buildings, rebel soldiers march through a street in the Basta quarter, the rebel-held area of the Lebanese capital. They were parading for a review after the conference of the rebel leaders in Saeb Salem's house and were watched by a large crowd.

On right—

REBEL LEADERS OF LEBANON: From the left are Muarouf Said; Saeb Salem, the rebel leader in Beirut; Rashid Karemi, insurgent chief in Tripoli, and Kemal Jumblatt, the Druze rebel leader. They had met in Saeb Salem's house in Beirut with others prominent in the Lebanese Opposition. The object of their conference was to decide policy towards the new President, Chehab.

DECIDING THE FUTURE OF LEBANON? The rebel leaders are in conference, with Saeb Salem presiding at the head of the table. Although it was announced the conference was being held "somewhere in Lebanon," the presence of the photographer indicates its venue was public knowledge.

SECURITY PRECAUTIONS: Barbed-wire barriers have been set up at one of the approaches to Saeb Salem's house during the rebel conference. Sandbagged positions are a feature of the buildings on both sides of the street in Beirut.

A NEW WINDJAMMER TAKES TO THE WATER

The "Gorch Fock" Succeeds the "Pamir" as a German Training Vessel

Although the launching of the new three-masted German windjammer *Gorch Fock* was accompanied by loud cheers from the hundreds of people who had assembled to watch the ceremony, it recalled for many memories of the tragedy which befell the *Gorch Fock's* predecessor, the *Pamir*.

Almost a year ago, the 3,103-ton, four-masted windjammer was homeward bound from America to Hamburg carrying among her complement of between eighty and ninety some fifty German mercantile marine cadets who were on a training cruise. In mid-Atlantic the *Pamir* ran into a hurricane. After a series of desperate messages, the last heard from her was that she had lost sails and masts and was sinking. There were only six young survivors.

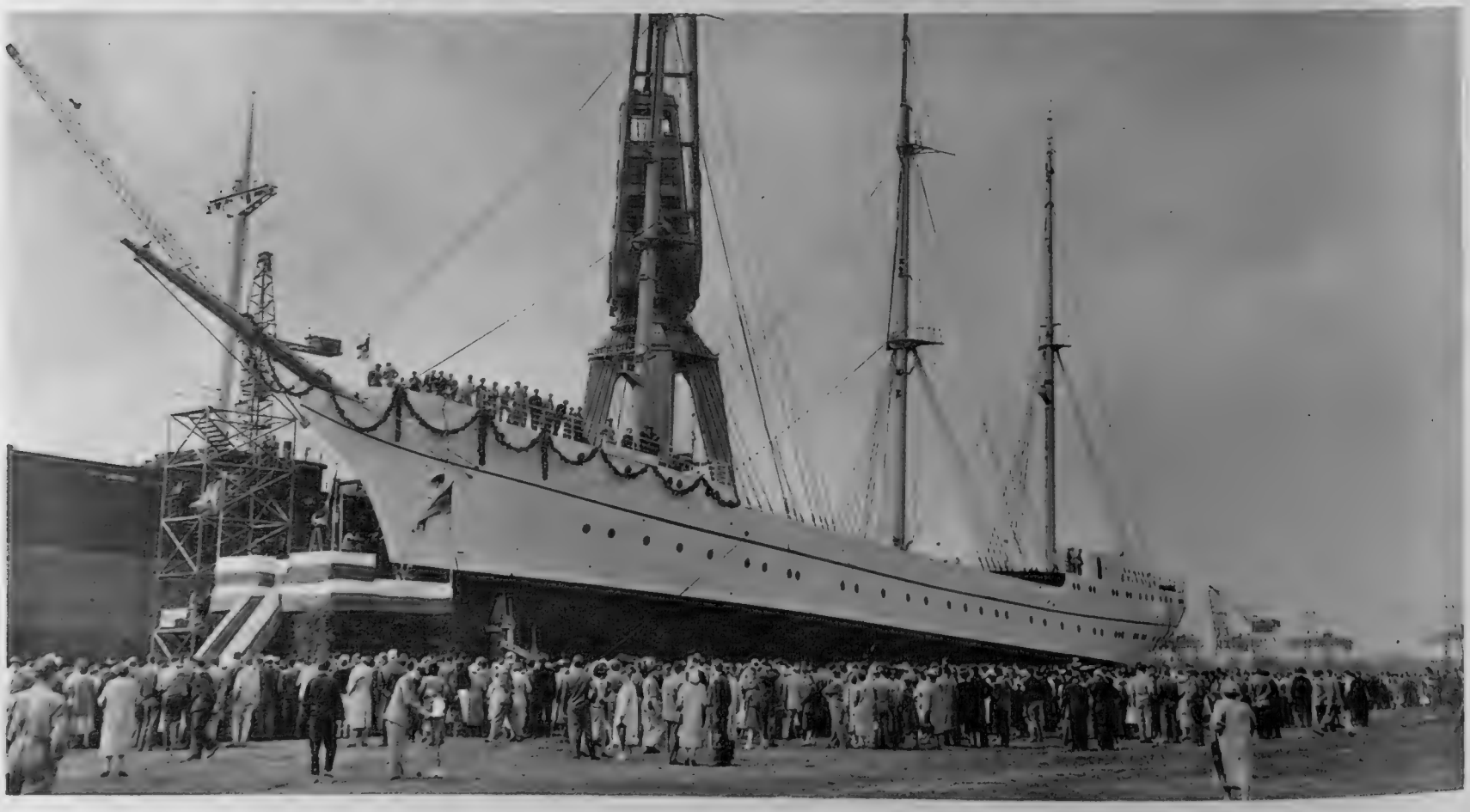
After the disaster there was considerable controversy as to whether sailing ships any longer served a useful purpose in this modern age. The German Navy was persistent in its view that basic training in the handling of modern ships required the experience of teamwork in wind and storm which only the sailing ship can adequately provide. This view prevailed and as a result a new sailing vessel—the *Gorch Fock*—was built.

Whereas the *Pamir* was a four-masted windjammer, the *Gorch Fock* is only three-masted. In addition, the new barque is equipped with the most up-to-date safety devices, including radar, an auxiliary motor and 363 tons of ballast to keep her on an even keel in the heaviest of seas. There will be no danger of a repetition of the shifting of the cargo, which caused the disaster to the *Pamir*.

The 1,770-ton *Gorch Fock* takes her name from the German writer of sea stories, who died during the First World War. It is the second ship named after him. The first, now under Russian colours, continues to be used as a training ship.

Below—

ALL SET FOR LAUNCHING: Crowds pack the quayside at the Blohm and Voss shipyards, in Hamburg, to watch the launching of the three-masted German windjammer *Gorch Fock*. *On right*—The training ship, successor to the *Pamir*, which sank in the Atlantic, slides into the water. She will carry eleven officers, fifty-six seamen and 200 cadets.



THE CAPITAL OF THE FIJI GROUP OF ISLANDS: Buildings of many shapes and sizes line the streets in a section of Suva. In the background is Laucala Bay and a part of the Kaba peninsula. The capital is on the south-east shore of Viti Levu, the largest island in the group consisting of some 320 islands (of which only one-third are inhabited) in the South Pacific Ocean. The colony became a British possession in October 1874 when it was ceded by the Paramount Chiefs. It has a total land area of 7,083 square miles.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN SUVA: The administrative headquarters for the islands face Albert Park in the capital. A commission of inquiry appointed by the Colonial Office is to visit Fiji next year to study economic problems and population trends and to recommend how the development of the islands and their resources should proceed.

A PATTERN OF ISLANDS

Pictures Taken from the Air of the Fiji Group

THE islands which form the Colony of Fiji stretch over a wide area of the South Pacific—300 miles from north to south and a similar distance from east to west. The usual estimate is that there are 322 islands or islets within its jurisdiction, but of these only slightly more than 100 can claim to be inhabited. The largest is the oval-shaped Viti Levu (4,011 square miles); next in size is Vanua Levu (2,137 square miles); among the others should be mentioned Kadavu (169 square miles), Taveuni (168 square miles), which is known as the "Garden of Fiji" because of its deep soil and highly-developed plantations, Makoga, which as a leper colony is in the forefront of the fight against this scourge which still afflicts a surprisingly large number of members of the human race, and Rotuma, the centre of the northernmost part of the group.

Travellers on the regular trans-Pacific air routes between North America and the Antipodes usually come down at Nadi Airport in Viti Levu, and the pattern of islands as shown on this and the following pages should not be unfamiliar to them.

Fiji has many attractions. Its inhabitants enjoy good climate, fertile soil and splendid scenery. The larger islands have mountainous interiors, the peaks often being volcanic in origin. In the sea off the coasts, long barrier-reefs are to be seen, giving protection to lagoons of clear and calm water.

(Continued on following pages)

THE SHORES OF THE LARGEST ISLAND OF THE FIJI GROUP: A reef runs across the foreground of the picture of Natadola Harbour, on the west side of Viti Levu. Woods and hillocks are a feature of the land and on the extreme right are the huts of a Fijian village. Besides possessing a wealth of great natural beauty, the islands enjoy a healthy climate. Temperatures rarely rise above 93 deg. Fah. or fall below 60 degrees, except in the mountains. In many parts the soil is extremely fertile and the chief products include sugar, coconuts and rice. The very considerable forested areas produce both hard and soft woods.

A VITAL LINK IN THE ROAD COMMUNICATIONS OF VITI LEVU: The bridge spans the Rewa River at Nausori, 12 miles from Suva, and carries the ring road round the island over the longest river in Fiji. The highway which runs round Viti Levu consists of King's Road (168 miles long) and Queen's Road (152 miles). Branch roads go into the interior.

THE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT: The cruciform was established here during the war a the airport is a staging point for airlin

On right—

A SUGAR PLANTATION: The cane fields lie beneath mountains in the north-west of Viti Levu. Fijian sugar exports exceeded a total of 150,000 tons in 1955.

A PATTERN OF ISLANDS

(*Continued from previous page*)

However, to-day it is not the geography of the Colony which is in the news. It is the future of its peoples. In the middle of last month the Colonial Office in London announced that a Commission of Inquiry is to visit Fiji next year. Its terms of reference will be: "To examine the surveys of the Colony's natural resources and population trends and, having regard to the need to ensure the maintenance of a good standard of living for all sections of the community, recommend how the development of the Colony and its resources should proceed."

The population is a mixture of races. The last census, in 1956, showed a total of 345,737, an increase of 86,000 in ten years. The break-down of the current figure reveals Indians, not Fijians, as the most numerous. Indians number 169,403 as against 148,134 Fijians. The remainder are statistically negligible. Europeans, Part-Europeans, Chinese, and others, represent a little more than 8 per cent. of the whole.

The Indians began to arrive in the islands in 1879, five years after the cession of the Colony by the Paramount Chiefs to the British Empire. The immigrants came as indentured labourers. By 1911 they numbered 43,000, twenty-five years later they totalled 85,000. When their present figure is considered, their rapid rate of increase in the last

r main runways are at Nadi, on the west coast of Viti Levu. The airfield
r and became one of the largest Allied bases in the Pacific. To-day
liners flying between North America and Australia and New Zealand.

SPLIT ISLAND: It is an aptly-named feature of the Rotuma group, and in calm weather a small boat can be rowed through the cleft in this volcanic rock. The Rotumas are in the north-west of Fiji and have a population of some 4,000.

On left—

ON THE ISLAND OF BAU: The buildings and huts form the headquarters of a *Roko Turi*, or Provincial President. These officials are Fijian natives who administer local government with the assistance of a Provincial Council. Provinces are, in turn, sub-divided into districts.

two decades needs no emphasis. The Fijians too, have, grown in numbers. But, according to the last Colonial Office report, there are various reasons to suppose that the relative increase between Indians and Fijians will be accelerated in the next few years. One of the most cogent appreciations for this forecast is that the fertility rate of the Indians is higher and the Indian women apparently give birth to a higher proportion of girl children than the Fijians.

Unless the vital conditions substantially alter in the near future, it is officially estimated that the Indian population will exceed 250,000 by 1967. The Fijian population should not reach that figure until 1980.

There is little doubt that these considerations are some of those which underlie the appointment of the Colonial Office Commission for next year. Incidentally, its creation was suggested by the islanders themselves six years ago. But it should not be thought that there is any likelihood of a "racial" problem arising in Fiji, as is unfortunately the case in certain other parts of the British Commonwealth. From all accounts the islanders of all races are happy in their ideal natural surroundings and live in friendship. Their desire is to have the best advice for the future as to how they should develop their already flourishing community.

(*Further pictures on following page*)

THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR AT SUVA: In the foreground is Government House. Behind is the museum in the Botanical Gardens with, beyond them, the open space of the Albert Park playing grounds backed by the Government Buildings on the edge of the commercial area which stretches along the waterfront to the port of the capital of Fiji.

A PATTERN OF ISLANDS

Above—**THE HOME OF A PARAMOUNT CHIEF:** The island in the foreground with its two humps is Serua. From here a paramount chief controls his subjects. In the background is Yanutha, another of the many small islands of Fiji. The group was first sighted by Tasman in 1643 and visited by Captain Cook in 1774. But the much-maligned Bligh of the *Bounty* was the man who originally charted most of the islands.

Below—**A SMALL COMMUNITY:** Korovu is a small town about 30 miles from Suva. The white buildings on the left are an hotel. Looking to the right in front of the bridge is a centre for dairy farming. According to the last census figures Fiji has a population of about 346,000. Of these, the Fijians and the Indians form the vast majority, the latter representing 49 per cent. and the former 42·8 per cent. of the total.

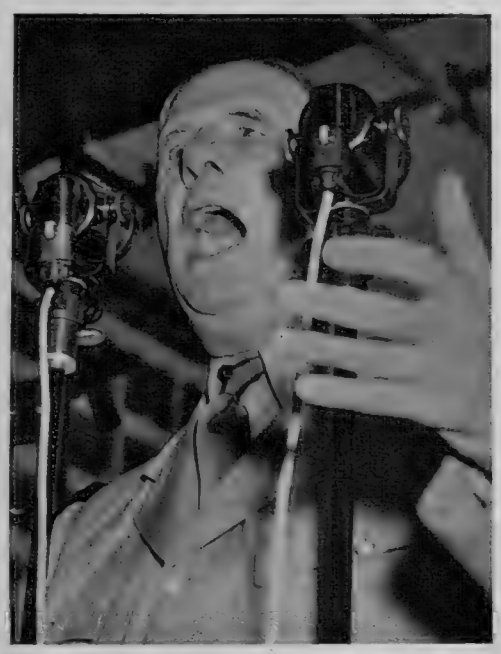
AT TWO STOPS IN GENERAL DE GAULLE'S RAPID TOUR OF TROPICAL AFRICA: *Left*—A vast crowd is massed in the Mahasina Stadium in Tananarive, Madagascar, waiting for the arrival of the French Prime Minister. *Right*—The General raises his arms in a typical pose while speaking at Brazzaville, in Equatorial Africa. In little more than a week he covered 12,000 miles, visiting Madagascar, Equatorial and West Africa to ask for support in the referendum on his proposed constitutional reforms.

DE GAULLE IN AFRICA

The French Premier on a 12,000-mile Tour

Not even his bitterest enemy could deny that General de Gaulle possesses astonishing energy and stamina. In a matter of a week, the sixty-seven-year-old French Premier flew a distance of some 12,000 miles round tropical Africa, each day making two or three long speeches, either at mass open-air meetings or in the local parliaments, explaining his constitutional proposals and asking for support in the forthcoming referendum. For once he was not delphic in his utterances, but told his hearers everywhere that they could choose independence, if they wanted it, instead of joining the union proposed under the Fifth Republic. As a result of his tour it is generally believed he will receive a favourable vote from "Black" French Africa. Too much attention should not be paid to the opposition shown to him in Dakar by the Party of African Regroupment. This is a small and newly-formed organisation and is said to have close Communist associations.

A ROYAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE: King Adingra of the Abrons (seated, centre) and Chief Couffi Aboi (seated, right), his chief adviser, are at the airport at Abidjan, Ivory Coast, ready to welcome General de Gaulle, who spent a day in the town



THE GENERAL SPEAKS: He raises his hand to emphasise a point while addressing a crowd numbering 50,000 at Dakar, in Senegal.

OPPOSITION TO DE GAULLE'S POLICY: In Dakar members of the P.R.A. (Party of African Regroupment) hold up placards proclaiming their policy. The P.R.A. demands independence, a national Federation of African nations, and a multi-national confederation with France.

THROUGH THE STREETS OF CONAKRY: General de Gaulle stands in his car and acknowledges the cheers in this town of the Ivory Coast. At the end of his tour of tropical Africa he flew back to Paris by way of Algiers.

CONFERENCE, SHOW AND HOLIDAY TOWN

Ponies and Riders Flock to Harrogate—"One of the Cleanest Towns in Britain"—for the Summer Meeting of the Ponies of Britain Club Show

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"HARROGATE is bracing, sulphurous, chalybeate and saline." I read that in a guide-book once, and I have never forgotten it. It is, you will admit, a pretty impressive sentence, even for a guide-book. I do not think that anybody would deny that Harrogate is an impressive place.

It was not always so. Smollett, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, described it thus: "Harrogate is a wild common, bare, bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least kinds of cultivation." And Sydney Smith, visiting the place more than half a century later, formed very much the same impression: "Harrogate is the most heaven-forsaken country under the sun. When I saw it, there were only nine mangy fir trees there, and even they all leaned away from it." This shows that the growth of the town must have been very slow, for Harrogate was discovered by the medical profession early in the seventeenth century. The temptation to compare it with Bath must have been enormous. It was steadfastly resisted. Instead, the contrast with Bath was emphasised. Bath was relaxing: Harrogate was bracing. It was not just a matter of waters: the air was equally important.

Mind you, the eighteenth-century publicity genius (I do not think that there is any record of his name) who made Harrogate could not very well have done anything else. For Harrogate *is* bracing, as bracing as an East Coast resort on a windy day. It stands on a plateau (which was once open moorland) 600 ft. above sea-level, and it is always windy: dry, sunny, cold and windy. I have been there a great many times, as it was one of the holiday places of my childhood, and I have seen it in many different weathers. But, if someone mentions Harrogate, that is the picture that springs to mind: dry, cold, sunny, windy—and wonderfully clean. It must surely be one of the best-maintained, one of the cleanest, towns in Britain.

"ONE OF THE BEST-MAINTAINED, ONE OF THE CLEANEST, TOWNS IN BRITAIN": The war memorial, in the background, dominates the scene in the Prospect Gardens in the Yorkshire town of Harrogate. This town, which no longer relies upon its waters for its fortunes, attracts holidaymakers and visitors for both conferences and shows—one of the most recent being the two-day summer meeting of the Ponies of Britain Club Show.

Harrogate was once described as a "monument to class-consciousness." I do not know that that was ever true: the domestic architecture, the planning of the big hotels, many of the shops, suggest that it was. But, if it was, then Harrogate has changed: and in more ways than one. Its heyday as a spa has passed. Spas are no longer fashionable and are everywhere in decline. But Harrogate is not in decline. There are eighty-eight natural springs in Harrogate, all different (I will not vouch for the accuracy of the number, for I have not counted them: but it is not difficult to find a local inhabitant who will give you that figure without hesitation, and they all agree, even after closing-time) and I suppose that they are still much in demand by sufferers from rheumatism and kindred ailments.

Harrogate no longer relies upon its waters for its fortune. It has become a "conference" town and a "show" town and a "holiday" town. The large hotels, it seems to me, survive very largely because they are so often filled by delegates (and their wives) to some conference or other, or by visitors to some fair or show. The holidaymakers, on the other hand, seem (to casual observation) to be largely day-visitors, bus or motor-cycle borne, and predominantly of courtship age. There is, now, certainly no class-consciousness about Harrogate, and there can be little doubt that it is now even more prosperous than when it relied solely on the ills of the wealthy.

It has changed in another way also. The horse has replaced the donkey and the goat. I remember, as a small child, going for rides in a small cart drawn by a goat. There were lots of goats and lots of small carts: it was the thing to do. And it was the thing to do to be taken in your goat-cart to a sweet shop to buy Harrogate toffee in a neat dark blue and silver tin. That was wonderful toffee, golden and crumbly. When I was a little older and had grown out of the goat-cart, there were donkey rides on the Stray. There were herds of donkeys, and you could get a very good ride, even a gallop, if the donkey was in the right mood, for a penny or so. The donkeys and the goats have disappeared. Horse-riding is now the thing. The livery stables in the neighbourhood must do a very good business indeed.

The Cult of the Horse was driven home to me forcibly on my last visit to Harrogate, for this was the occasion of the two-day Ponies of Britain Club Show. It was held on the Yorkshire Agricultural Society's spacious showground and was the first time that the Ponies of Britain Club's summer meeting had been held in the north. It attracted no fewer than 1,250 entries, and there were record entries for the jumping and gymkhana competitions. Altogether it must have been the biggest display of riding and native ponies that North Country horse-lovers have ever had the opportunity of seeing. And they flocked to see.

Britain is, of course, very rich in native ponies: the Dales, the Dartmoor, the Exmoor, the Fell, the Highland, the New Forest, the Shetland, the Welsh and the Connemara (which, if not strictly British, is certainly British by naturalisation). This is an impressive list as it stands, but it does not give a complete picture. For the Welsh pony comes in three distinct types—the Welsh Mountain, which is the original breed; the Welsh riding pony, which has been developed from the Mountain and which is rather larger; and the Welsh Cob, an altogether heavier animal; and the Highland comes in two types, the Highland pony of the mainland (the Garron) and the smaller pony of the Western Isles. Personally, I think that the list could be increased by yet one more, for it has always seemed to me that the ponies of the Long Mynd, in Shropshire, are quite distinct, though they are not recognised as a separate breed. Be that as it may, there is certainly no other country in the world with such a varied collection of native ponies.

The ponies you see at a show such as this one at Harrogate have been "improved"; indeed, most of them have been improved pretty well beyond recognition. If you know, for example, only the wild ponies of Dartmoor or the New Forest, and have never been to a big show, then I dare swear that you would not recognise at sight the Dartmoor and New Forest ponies on exhibition. You might harbour some hard thoughts about specialist pony breeders. But you would be wrong. For the fact is that there are no longer any genuine Dartmoor ponies running wild on Dartmoor. The ponies on Dartmoor to-day are a very mixed lot, "scrub" ponies in the strict sense of the term. I think that I should be right in saying that all the genuine Dartmoor ponies in Britain to-day are stud-bred and that most of them are bred many miles from Dartmoor. One could not make quite such a sweeping statement about the ponies ranging the New Forest, but anyone who knows anything about ponies can see at a glance that most of them are a bit "scrubby." Certainly they bear very little resemblance to the exhibition ponies of the show ring. This is not just a matter of grooming and tidying-up. It is a matter of conformation. Only the Exmoor and the Shetland of the show ring are recognisably the same animals as those which range their native heaths.

None of this is intended as criticism. It is not a matter for criticism, but for congratulation. Most of our native pony breeds would long since have been swallowed up in the vast army of scrub ponies were it not for the efforts of the specialist breeders and there would certainly not now be the wide interest in ponies that there is, despite the enthusiasm of the Pony Club. It is true that something may have been lost in the way of hardiness, but the gains on the credit side have been immeasurable.

I was immensely impressed at this show by the great knowledge and enthusiasm shown by the children. It reflects great credit on the Pony Club branches and their instructors. It was easy to see that these children had been carefully taught by experienced people: and taught not only to ride well, but also to think about horses in the right way, to have a sympathetic understanding of the pony, which is, after all, the secret of riding well.

Also, I was immensely impressed by their good manners, both in and out of the ring. And this applied equally to the jumping competitions. It was in striking contrast to what one sometimes sees—and, I regret to say, more and more frequently—at the White City and at the big jumping competitions up and down the country.

Yet most of the people, who behave like temperamental prima donnas or disgruntled Test cricketers in the show ring, were once members of the Pony Club and presumably behaved in jumping competitions as these children at Harrogate did.

Something must go wrong somewhere. I think that what goes wrong is in the difference in approach, a change of atmosphere. Jumping in the Pony Club world is properly regarded merely as an extension of the art of riding: show-jumping seems to be regarded as a separate art, almost as one divorced from riding as such. And, of course, the show-jumping world is a very highly-competitive world with well-worthwhile prizes to be won. It is not surprising that it sometimes proves too much for youngsters entering it for the first time. Certainly it is not the fault of the B.S.J.A., a most admirable organisation.

Perhaps it does not matter. It may be pointed out that the behaviour of those who reach the top in show-jumping is beyond reproach: and this is true. At least, it has been true so far. But show-jumping as we know it to-day is a young sport, and it is the young entry that really matters. Will it always be true? It seems to me (but I am only an onlooker) that some sort of standard of riding and manners will have to be imposed for riders in the same way as a strict standard is already imposed for horses. If it is not, then British Show-Jumping is going to suffer severely.

SCOTLAND'S AUTUMN ACTIVITIES

Afforestation Scheme; the Lonach Gathering; and the Departure of the Salmon

Throughout Great Britain the Forestry Commission has formed well over a million acres of new forest, one of the main objects being to make the country less dependent on imported timber in the years to come. Over half of this area has been formed in Scotland where, at the end of last year, more than 200 forests were planted throughout the high- and lowlands. Not only do these new forests offer regular employment but they are helping to bring back people to work on the land. So far, the number working in the forests is around 400 and in some areas villages have been built to house them.

The area planted by the Forestry Commission in Scotland during 1956-57 was nearly 27,000 acres. This involved more than 43,000,000 young trees. In the same period, through the output of thinnings and other sales, £743,100 was raised from about 6·7,000,000 cub. ft. of timber. One of the larger forests formed by the Commission is at Glenlivet, in Banffshire. Spread over an area of 120 square miles, the various plantations extend to 6,000 acres, with 3,000 acres of moorland remaining to be afforested at the rate of approximately 500 acres a year.

AFFORESTATION IN THE HIGHLANDS: Taken from the main Dufftown-Tomintoul road, the view is of a young plantation of mixed conifers in the Glenlivet Afforestation Scheme. *On left*—Workmen erect stock and vermin fences round what will be a new shelter belt plantation. The enclosed moorland will be planted. *On right*—An excavator deposits a load of soil scooped from the route of one of the new roads. The squad of men are putting in culverts.

Above—**CELEBRATING A UNIQUE OCCASION: With pikes and banners shouldered, a party of Lonach Highlanders march in column formation to the Lonach Gathering at Strathdon. Lonach is the last gathering in Scotland to retain its march of the clansmen as a prelude to the games, which were seen by many visitors from overseas. This year seventy Clansmen took part in the seven-mile march.**

On right—**LEAPING THE FALLS ON ITS WAY UP-RIVER: An autumn salmon makes a powerful leap at the Pots of Gartness, near Drymen, in Stirlingshire, on its way up the River Endrick to spawn. It is here that poachers put cyanide in the crowded pools causing the fish, waiting to leap the rapids, to die from lack of oxygen. The number of salmon poisoned was less than usual this year.**

WELCOMED TO NEW YORK: Fireboats spray jets of water into the air as the *Nautilus* moves upstream. The submarine has set a new transatlantic record for underwater craft, reaching the Ambrose Lightship six days 11 hrs. 55 mins. after leaving Portland Harbour. This cut almost two days off the previous record by her sister submarine *Skate*.

INSIDE "NAUTILUS"

Many Complex Instruments on Board the Record-breaking U.S. Nuclear-powered Submarine

After the triumph of her historic voyage under the North Pole the U.S. Atomic submarine *Nautilus* received a highly-enthusiastic welcome in New York, where she arrived last week. Rear-Admiral Rickover, " the father of the atomic submarine," speaking at a Press conference shortly after *Nautilus's* arrival, said that fears which had been expressed about allowing atomic submarines in heavily-populated areas were groundless. He went on, " If the Navy did not think it was safe we would not bring her into our own port." Commander Dobbins, the medical officer on the submarine, stated that the crew received less radiation than the average civilian.

On left—
AT THE DOCKSIDE: In New York, after disembarking to an enthusiastic welcome, Rear-Admiral H. G. Rickover (left), President Eisenhower's representative, and Commander Anderson, captain of the submarine, wave to the crowds.

GUIDING THE " NAUTILUS ": Keeping a careful eye on the many dials, the watch crew maintain course and depth during the submarine's recent crossing from England to New York. This picture gives an idea of the many instruments and dials to be found in the control room.

DIRECTING A MOCK ATTACK: Commander Anderson (centre) talks into the intercom from his seat in front of the submarine's periscope. *Nautilus* is designed to travel faster submerged than on the surface; her speed is thought to be over 23 knots.

ABOARD A NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE: Two members of the crew work in the torpedo room. Between them are the propeller blades of a torpedo in position in one of the *Nautilus*'s six 21-in. torpedo tubes. Extreme right is the end of another tube. Commissioned in 1954, the submarine carried out her first trials early in 1955. Her displacement is 2,980 tons and she is 300 ft. long, with a beam of 28 ft. The nuclear power is provided by a pressurised water-cooled reactor. On her first charge *Nautilus* travelled 62,560 miles.

PLOTTING AN ATTACK: The navigator, second from left, and his crew gather round the plotting board in the attack centre during an exercise carried out by the submarine under the Atlantic. *Nautilus* was submerged for the major part of her journey.

THE SUBMARINE'S CAPTAIN: Commander Anderson (left) and the navigator, Lieutenant S. M. Jenks, holding a pair of dividers, study a chart. *Nautilus* has three engine-room deck levels, possessing alternative propulsion units of either atomic power, diesel or electric motors.

THE FIRST AIR-TO-AIR PICTURE OF A LOW-LEVEL-STRIKE AIRCRAFT: The area rule bulge of the fuselage and the split tail air brakes are both readily apparent in this view of the Blackburn NA 39. It is being shown to the public for the first time during flights at the S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough. For reasons of security it is operating from Boscombe Down and not landing at Farnborough. The new aircraft, which is to replace the Westland Wyvern in the Royal Navy, has been described as being "really a bomber" and "ahead of anything in its class in the world."

IN THE AIR

New Developments; and New Aircraft on Show at Farnborough

"FLYING RADAR CONTROL CENTRE": The Fairey Gannet - AEW Mk. 3, which flew for the first time last month, will extend the range of the defensive radar systems of carrier task forces by carrying the latest radar search equipment to heights many thousands of feet above the sea. The radar scanner is housed in the dome under the fuselage. The aircraft, powered by an Armstrong Siddeley Double Mamba propeller-turbine, will replace the piston-engined Skyraiders in the Royal Navy.

On left—

THE HANDLEY PAGE 113: It is the Company's research vehicle for demonstrating the feasibility of the laminar-flow technique for application to long-range aircraft, and is the latest in a series of studies undertaken by Handley Page Limited. The 113 will be powered by two Bristol Orpheus jet engines.

THE CANBERRA U MARK 10 TARGET DRONE: It has been developed by Short Brothers and Harland Limited, for unmanned operation in guided weapon firing trials. The aircraft, a conversion of the standard Canberra B. Mark 2, is capable of fully-automatic operations in all phases of flight. It has already carried out trials under remote radio control.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE: The D.H. 121 airliner will have a maximum cruising speed of more than 600 m.p.h. B.E.A. have ordered twenty-four D.H. 121's with an option for twelve more. It will be used for Continental or inter-city travel.

TWO NEW HELICOPTERS: The Saunders-Roe P 531 helicopter is a comparatively small, high-performance, general-purpose aircraft designed to take full advantage of the lightweight power and economy of the gas-turbine engine. Built as a private venture, it has five seats and is powered by a Blackburn Turmo "600 series" free turbine. *On right—* The new Westland Westminster Crane transport helicopter is making its first public appearance at the Show. Although the Crane version of the Westminster has many civil applications, it is designed essentially for military transport duties. As a civil aircraft with conventional fuselage it will have accommodation for forty-five passengers.

AIRCRAFT: FARNBOROUGH AND THE FUTURE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT is now eighteen months since Mr. Duncan Sandys turned down his thumb to seal the future of manned military aircraft in this country, but the British aircraft industry is still trying to judge precisely how much his new defence policy means in practice. Another White Paper on Defence has come and gone since his revolutionary statement in April 1957: this blurred matters rather than spelling them out. Mr. Sandys himself has remained grimly enigmatic. And the aircraft builders themselves have hardly been able to obtain much enlightenment from Service chiefs or from Mr. Sandys' own colleagues—both of whom, to the extent that they have given tongue about the new policy, have shown signs of being uneasy about it.

Since the industry last assembled for its annual exhibition and display at Farnborough, it has had some indications, incomplete but not reassuring, about the size, shape and functions that the Government has in mind for it. It has been told that from now on production of military aircraft in this country will be dropping at about 9 per cent. a year, which would cut it by nearly half the 1957 rate in four years' time; that from its present employment of about 250,000 it may have to come down to about 150,000; that it will have fundamental aeronautical research still done for it by the Government, but that it will have to pay for its own development of civil aircraft, apart from absolutely radical new departures in design.

This new research policy, it may be noted, was produced by an inter-departmental committee set up in Whitehall last summer, and these official deliberations about the future of the industry do not yet appear to have been completed. Judgment as to what constitutes a "radical new departure" is reached entirely in Whitehall, too: neither the Fairey Rotodyne nor Dr. Barnes Wallis's project of a "variable geometry" aircraft have yet been accepted as coming into this category and thus deserving Government support. The even more ambitious plan for a supersonic airliner, which certainly could not be developed on private money alone, has for the present been sidetracked to another committee of experts. Laminar flow, the system of reducing "drag" by sucking air in through some of the surfaces of an airframe, on which Handley Page is basing its prototype of a new small-scale but long-range airliner or "executive aircraft," has had Government support in the past, but this latest example seems to be a "private venture."

During the last twelve months, again, the aircraft makers have encountered some fairly powerful evidence of the pressure that the Government is prepared to bring to bear to achieve the amalgamations that it believes to be essential to the competitive future of their industry. In competition for the order British European Airways had to offer for a new short-range jet aircraft, the Government appeared for several weeks to favour two companies with very strong manufacturing facilities which were prepared to come together into close integration, Bristol and Hawker Siddeley, as against de Havilland, which had produced a design that BEA preferred but which did not at the outset plan any very tight manufacturing tie-up with other aircraft manufacturers. In the event, the de Havilland 121 was chosen—but only after de Havilland had formed the Aircraft Manufacturing Company with Hunting Aircraft and Fairey Aviation to build the new jet.

Concentration, amalgamation, and self-reliance in the development of civil aircraft, with its military responsibilities tapering off to a substantial but smaller volume of activity on the development and production mainly of guided missiles—that seems to be the Government prescription for this industry. In principle, the aircraft manufacturers themselves might not quarrel with that: but the details, and the time-table, could be all-important over, say, the next five to ten years. The manufacturers believe that the country will probably need several more designs of manned aircraft, for various roles, before missiles finally take over; they believe that the Services think so too; they think that a successor to Mr. Sandys might well agree and that even under Mr. Sandys there are signs that manned aircraft orders may, in fact, materialise—perhaps for a large new freighter and a reconnaissance aircraft to succeed the Canberra. That view is not deterring them from concentrating on civil designs, to hold the lead Britain possesses in one or two fields, nor from seeking to diversify their manufacturing activities beyond aircraft. But it must temper their readiness to turn away entirely from the military aeroplane—particularly as this has so far formed an important element in their sales to foreign customers.

Those exports have been soaring this year: they reached a value of £74,423,005 in the first half of this year, markedly higher than in any previous half-year. Military aircraft such as the Meteor in one of its long line of variants, or recently the Hunter, have sold well to countries that rely on imported aircraft for their defence; it will no longer be as easy to sell such countries types that Britain developed but is not buying itself, as Mr. Aubrey Jones's unsuccessful attempt to sell the Saunders-Roe strike aircraft to the Germans last winter demonstrated.

It is on best-sellers such as the Viscount, therefore, that Britain's aircraft exports must depend—and on the ability to produce new airliners offering similar advantages over the foreign competition. And it does so happen that the running down of British military demand for manned aircraft is occurring at a time when that margin of advantage in the civil aircraft field is becoming harder for British builders to maintain. The Viscount has enjoyed the heyday of the turbo-prop aircraft, in which the gas turbine drives a propeller: this is a field in which the American makers have been hardly able to compete, through never having developed such turbines. That heyday is not over: but the pure-jet airliners are now arriving on the world market in strength, after the hiatus that followed the tragic interruption in Comet development.

No nation can now claim a clear commercial lead in the race to sell jet airliners. Britain has the Comet 4 flying, with unrivalled experience in operating jet aircraft from the early airline service and later from Transport Command's regular use of Comets. But the timetable will bring big new American jets for long-range routes on to the world market ahead of the next generation of British jets: and the force of fashion, which is not to be sniffed at in world air transport, is pressing airline operators to consider jets sooner than some may have intended. Even for short- and medium-range routes, where the reign of the turbo-prop has seemed likely to be a long one because it is much cheaper to run, strong competition from foreign jet aircraft is now appearing—and not all American.

BRITAIN'S NEW COMET IN FLIGHT: The de Havilland Comet 4 recently increased British prestige in the aviation world when it made a record-breaking flight from New York to London in 6 hrs. 28 mins., at an average speed of 540 m.p.h. The previous record was 7 hrs. 44 mins. Comet 4 is powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon engines.

Traffic on the world's airlines has been slacker of late, and airlines may well be chary of ordering expensive jet aircraft which would become even dearer to run if they are not full; which may need very long (and thick) runways; and which, in any case, give most operators a lot to learn. On the other hand, if traffic were to be creamed off to the jets simply because of the glamour and convenience of extra speed, it would not suit the operator to have even inherently cheaper aircraft running half-empty. This "succession" of airliners is a problem for the airlines as well as for the manufacturers of the particular aircraft in question: there have been discussions recently to consider whether it should be eased, at the outset, by establishing a difference in fares between jet and propeller aircraft.

In the meantime, despite its various apprehensions, the British aircraft industry can meet its competitors and customers at Farnborough with some impressive products and equally impressive orders. Vickers' order-book for Viscounts has passed the 400 mark and 337 have now been delivered; forty Vanguards have been ordered by BEA and Trans-Canada Airlines, and the first production aircraft will fly this autumn; BOAC have ordered thirty-five of the long-range VC 10s that will follow, with an option for twenty more of these advanced jet airliners, due to come into service in 1963. Bristol has now delivered about forty Britannias, and has a further forty on order. De Havilland has civil airline orders for twenty-five long-range and medium-range Comet 4, plus the BEA order for twenty-four of the new D.H. 121s it is designing, with an option for twelve more. Comets and Britannias are also being built for Transport Command; and production of the Canberra, Sea Vixen and Scimitar, Handley Page Victor, the English Electric P.1B, and the Fairey Gannet is continuing at a high rate. This is in no sense an industry threatened with immediate unemployment.

Technically, this year's main feature of the Farnborough show is what this industry, with its habit of initialling everything, calls VTOL and STOL aircraft—aeroplanes that can take-off and land vertically or on very small runways. Short Brothers' SCI vertical take-off aircraft, which uses jet lift, has just made its first flight, while Rolls-Royce is continuing to experiment with its "flying bedstead." Westland will be showing its range of helicopters, from small to the extremely powerful Westminster; Fairey's Rotodyne, an aircraft that uses the helicopter principle for landing and take-off and for some of its lift while in the air, but employs the same engines horizontally to drive it through the air much faster than an ordinary helicopter, will appear as one of the first "VTOL" airliners. Bristol builds one small helicopter, the Sycamore, and has developed a new large, double-rotor Type 192. These last two, in particular, offer the British industry the chance of a lead in civil airline versions of this kind of aircraft: the question whether Fairey should receive the money it needs to complete development of the Rotodyne has caused bitter controversy between the industry and the Ministry of Supply in recent months.

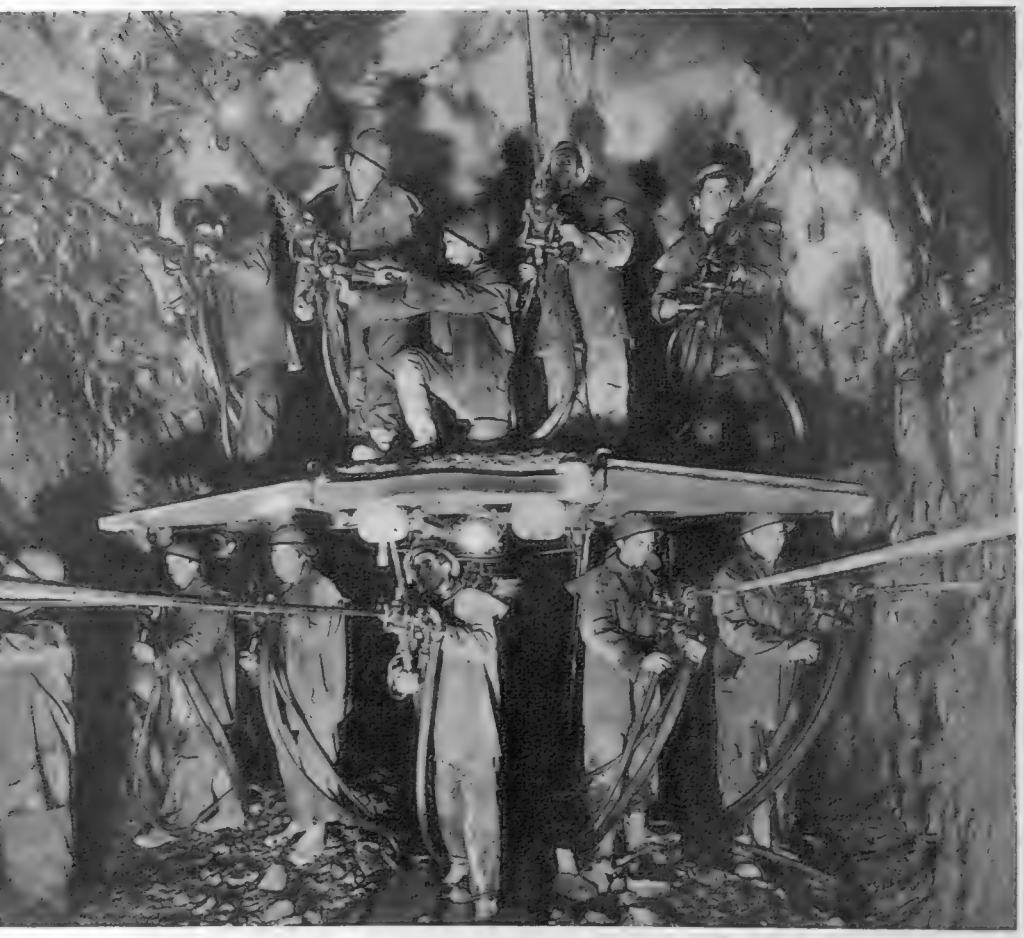
In no sector of the aircraft industry has Government finance for development been more important, since the war, than aero-engines: far fewer engines than airframes have been "private ventures" developed with a company's own money. Since the finance involved in developing a big engine may be of the order of £15,000,000 or more, this is understandable. But it makes the repercussions of changing defence policy upon aero-engines, in which Britain still has an undoubted lead, even more questionable. Bristol and Armstrong Siddeley are now to work closely together in development and production; though Bristol's Orion turbine has been cancelled by the Ministry of Supply, both have a number of turbines in production. De Havilland's Gyron engine has been cancelled, though a smaller version is going ahead; its smaller Gnoma may be adopted for helicopters. Blackburn and Napier have small jet engines in production. There are, moreover, a number of piston engines still being built: Alvis, indeed, has not yet entered the turbine field and reckons that its market for piston engines is still expanding.

Rolls-Royce, which dominates Britain's and, indeed, the world aero-engine industry, is still supplying turbines for a majority of the world's pure-jet and turbo-prop aircraft, British and foreign. It is developing an engine specifically for the D.H. 121 that BEA has ordered: but in view of the cost of such development, even this leader among aero-engine makers is questioning whether it can in future design and carry forward engines for civil aircraft unless these have a military use as well. Since engine designers elsewhere have still the financial stimulus given by their own country's continued development of manned aircraft, this may not augur too well for Britain's lead in aero-engine technology. What might be called the engineering consequences of Mr. Sandys are bound to leave their mark on this industry.

On right—

THE 1958 RADIO SHOW

The stands of many of the firms taking part in the show at Earls Court can be seen in this general view. The exhibition closes to-day (September 6). For the first time since the war the focus of interest has switched from television back to sound. Stereophony, or "solid" sound reproduction, is being demonstrated in wide variety by more than forty manufacturers exhibiting in the new Audio Hall. The reason behind this new emphasis is the coming of stereophonic sound on discs, supplementing that on tape. With at least two loudspeakers placed in different parts of the room, and using a double soundtrack, a listener can feel what he is hearing all round him. For instance, individual instruments in an orchestra sound as if they are coming from different points. There are three main forms in which stereophony is incorporated in the various instruments—a central control unit with twin amplifiers and two satellite speakers; a control unit with one speaker system and one satellite speaker; or a self-contained system in one cabinet. In the first form, Philips, Capitol and Decca are among those demonstrating models; in the second version, convenient for many homes, there are the products of Ekco, Masteradio, Murphy and Alba; examples of the third form are shown by Ferguson, Regentone and Expert. Hobday Bros. Ltd. are showing a self-contained four-speed stereophonic radiogram. The prices of television sets have dropped compared with last year. Most popular still is the 17-inch screen.



THE SWEDISH METHOD OF DRILLING

A twelve-man team use this method to excavate a mile-long tunnel at Avisio, in Italy. This remarkable photograph was taken with a 7-minute time exposure, using "painting with light" by means of a 40-watt torch. Extensively employed throughout the world to-day, the Swedes evolved the system in pioneering underground excavations. It was the result of close co-operation between tunnelling engineers and Atlas Copco, of Stockholm, the group which is the world's largest manufacturer of compressed air equipment. The company's pneumatic, pusher-mounted, lightweight, one-man rock drills, with Sandvik tungsten carbide-tipped drill steels, form the basis of the method. These drills are easy to move about and to mount on a drilling platform or tunnel bottom; their lightness of weight reduces fatigue in both operator and drill rod.

The Swedish method was extensively used in the construction of the Underground Railway in Stockholm, where many different systems of building construction were employed owing to the fact that much of the work had to be carried out below the basic water-level. Drilling for the very large number of blasting operations in the tunnels, entailed throughout, light, one-man- knee-feed machines with drills with hard metal cutters. Illustrations of work on Stockholm's Underground Railway system can be seen on pages 360–361 of this issue. Atlas Copco (Great Britain) Ltd. is the oldest overseas company in the group, having been established in 1919.

BRITAIN'S NEW LOCOMOTIVES

Diesel-electric locomotives are now being used increasingly by British Railways as part of the vast modernisation scheme. The picture *above*, taken at the new Diesel Maintenance Depot at Stratford, in East London, shows three types of diesel-electric locomotives in service with the Eastern Region. On the left is the type 2 Brush 1,250-h.p. locomotive, fifteen of which are being used for mixed passenger and freight traffic; in the centre is one of the Region's eight type 4 English Electric 2,000-h.p. locomotives which are engaged primarily in passenger service; and on the right is one of four type 1 North British 800-h.p. locomotives for freight working in the London area and on the London to Tilbury and Southend lines. Recently, the British Transport Commission announced that they had ordered thirty more type 4 locomotives in addition to the ten already ordered from the English Electric Company. *Below*—The D800, which is named after Sir Brian Robertson, is the first main line 2,200-h.p. diesel-hydraulic locomotive to be built in British Railways' own workshops. It is in service on the Western Region.

A NEW CANADIAN REFINERY: Construction is under way on the concrete bund for the oil tanker jetties on the St. Lawrence River, to serve the new refinery which is being built by B.P. Canada Limited on a 600-acre site near Montreal. Pipelines will connect the oil dock with the refinery in Ville d'Anjou, about 3 miles away. The "ground breaking" ceremony on the refinery site took place in May.

OIL DEVELOPMENTS IN CANADA

In the early part of last year B.P. Canada Limited acquired a 600-acre site near Montreal to build a refinery to process crude oil from the Middle East and manufacture high-grade petroleum products for sale on the Canadian market under the B.P. trademark. Work has now started on the erection of the refinery, which is situated in Ville d'Anjou, adjacent to the existing refineries at the eastern end of Montreal Island and approximately three miles from the St. Lawrence River. On the banks of the river itself an oil dock is also being constructed for the tankers arriving from the Middle East oilfields. Primarily, the refinery will produce 400,000 tons of motor spirit per year, as well as kerosene, gas oil, diesel oil and fuel oil, but it is being designed in such a way to allow for future expansion. When the plans for the refinery were announced, they represented the first venture of the British Petroleum Group into marketing and refining in North America.

Developments in the Canadian oil industry are also under way in the Rocky Mountains, in Alberta. The Triad Oil Company, in which B.P. also has an interest, is carrying out geological surveys of the underground strata in an endeavour to locate possible oil traps. The severe cold of Western Canada, the forests and the presence of much swamp area demand field techniques vastly different from those required by B.P.'s more familiar operations in the Middle East. In some instances helicopters are being used by the survey teams in preference to other methods of transport. When suitable rocks for sampling have been chosen by visual observation from the air, the helicopter lands, and the geologist can set to work without being unduly tired by his journey. The geologist's field work can only be carried out in the summer months when the ground is free from snow.

THE SITE FOR THE NEW REFINERY: The artist's impression shows the refinery in the foreground and the oil dock and river away in the distance. The refinery is being designed, engineered and constructed by the Lummus Company (Canada) Limited.

OIL EXPLORATION IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: A helicopter carrying a geological team hovers over the mountains in Alberta during a survey. The team measure strata and collect samples of rock. *On left*—A plant table is erected for a survey.

TRAFFIC IN STOCKHOLM

The New Underground Railway and Proposed Roads to Solve the Increasing Congestion

Sitting in the café at the top of the steel tower called Catherine's Lift at Slussen, a visitor to Stockholm can look out upon the waters and islands over which this city is built. Below him is the intricate system of flyover roads and figure-of-eight crossings built, before the war, by the Swedes to solve the traffic congestion in this busy centre. To-day, with an ever-increasing number of cars and vehicles on Sweden's roads, two different projects are under way in the capital to solve the problems of the rush hours and general traffic congestion. Stockholm's Underground became a proper interconnected system earlier this year, when the link route between Slussen and Hötorget was opened. By 1951 Hötorget had become the terminus of the western section of the line and Slussen was the southern terminus. In between was a distance of 1¼ miles. Work on this last section took well over six years to complete; the many problems of building through the centre of a busy city and often below the basic water-level had, in some instances, to be countered by new methods.

The second project involves the proposed building by 1968 of what is almost a new road system for the capital. As well as the reconstruction work which has been included in the Underground system, the plan calls for seven new main roads connecting the city centre with the outlying suburbs. These roads will run straight through the city; flyovers and cross-overs on the same plan as those in existence at Slussen will be used.

One of the main traffic centres, Tegelbacken, is close to the Central Railway Station. Reconstruction of the roundabout system there has been made necessary by the work on the Underground. It has been proposed that the new Tegelbacken will be built as a viaduct over the Central Station. This will connect with a new road from the southern suburbs. For the local traffic around the Central Station a road tunnel will be built under it.

On left—

STOCKHOLM'S UNDERGROUND: Excavations are in progress in Sweden's capital on the new Underground system between the Central Station and Hötorget. Earlier this year the central part of the Underground was officially opened.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN SWEDEN'S CAPITAL: In this view from Slussen, looking north towards the old town, can be seen a new road bridge being built over the Riddarfjärden alongside a railway bridge. Part of the charm of this city is due to the fact that it is built over many islands linked by bridges. Traffic is an increasing problem; at the moment it has been calculated that every eighth person living in Stockholm is a car owner and, according to the authorities, it is expected that by 1970 one in five people will possess a car.

TERN OF BRIDGES: At Slussen a system of cross-over bridges has already been in existence for some time, built to cope with the congestion at this busy junction. In the bottom left-hand corner is part of the new Underground station. This was the terminus for trains on the southern branches. The line linking it to Hötorget, the terminus for the westward line, was opened this year, making possible Stockholm's first interconnected Underground system. In association with this project are the schemes for new roads.

AND BELOW STREET-LEVEL: Looking south down Vasagatan, with the Central Station on the right, excavations below the road-level can be seen on the left. In the background, centre, work progresses on the new road linking Vasagatan with Slussen. By 1968, there are plans that seven new main roads will be cut straight through the city at different levels, using cross-overs and flyovers, at a proposed cost of approximately 750,000,000 kronor (about £51,710,000). The new Underground has led to much building in this area.

The World of Books

A MAN OF MANY PARTS

Théophile Gautier, French Poet, Critic, Painter and Journalist; A History of Modern Surgery; A Candid Picture of Cyprus; Recent Novels and Thrillers.

IN nineteenth-century Paris, the Paris of art, letters, the theatre and poetry, there was one man who in many ways summed up the spirit of his age. Théophile Gautier had been young in the days of the Romantic movement, he died in the 1870's when a fresh though different literary impulse was making itself felt and, in the span of his life, he had been poet, painter, critic and journalist. He had also had a quite exceptional talent for friendship and he was mourned by the men who had been his companions—Victor Hugo and Théodore de Banville among them—as he was by the women who had returned his love. Miss Joanna Richardson's is the first comprehensive biography of this many-faceted man that I can recall and her THÉOPHILE GAUTIER (Reinhardt. 30s.) is not only an absorbing study but is likely to prove a definitive work.

Gautier lived in Paris and expressed its spirit of intellectual curiosity and vitality, but he also travelled far more than most Frenchmen of the age; more, it is fair to say, than most Frenchmen of the present day. He visited England, Spain and North Africa, Switzerland, which was an easy journey, and Russia, which was the reverse. He was not only a lion among his great contemporaries but he earned their devotion to a remarkable degree and that at a period when feuds were as easily provoked by a written passage as by a provocative deed. What he called his *amitié voluptueuse* with Princess Mathilda, niece of Napoleon, was a great joy to him and so was his slightly irregular family life. Indeed, as he was dying he admitted that there had been only one man he had hated and that he had lost even that one enemy. It was, in fact, Catulle Mendès, who was briefly and disastrously married to Gautier's favourite daughter.

Perhaps the best expression of Théophile Gautier's philosophy, the feeling that irradiated his whole life through the illnesses, the debts and disappointments, is contained in four short lines of one of his own poems:

A l'Idéal ouvre ton âme;
Mets dans ton cœur beaucoup de ciel,
Aime une nue, aime une femme,
Mais aime!—C'est l'essentiel!

From the realms of the mind and the emotions to the realm of the physical with a new history of modern surgery by Mr. Robert G. Richardson. Yet it can be said that imagination, and imagination of a very high order, has played its part in the development of surgery from the days when the patient had a fifty-fifty chance of surviving to the modern procedures by which the surgeon starts with a complete mental picture of the patient as a living, functioning whole. THE SURGEON'S TALE (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) is essentially a story of progress, from treatments which now seem to us barbarous in the extreme in their degree of pain and dirt, through constant and continuing experiments to such wonders as heart and brain surgery, and yet more unceasing experiment and searching.

Mr. Richardson, whose own medical and surgical knowledge is implicit in his writing, traces the development of anæsthesia in the past hundred years and that of antisepsis, the two great revolutions through which success in surgical innovation has been possible. From this he comes to a description of new operations, including the recent ones on the heart which have only been a serious possibility in the last twenty years and are still very much in the developmental stage. To the many, many lay or unqualified readers who find surgical details of absorbing interest, this will be a book in a thousand since its technical aspects have been treated as simply and clearly as possible and its design is for the general rather than the expert public.

Miss Penelope Tremayne went to Cyprus as a member of a Red Cross team, chosen because of her ability to speak fluent Greek as well as her nursing training and she spent a year there at the height of the terrorist activities. Not only was she not daunted by the perpetual threat of danger, but elected to live among the Cypriots in their villages where her knowledge of Greek was not so much an advantage as an extra hazard and a very real menace to her safety. As Mr. Lawrence Durrell says in his preface: "That alone made me feel that her chances of survival were not exactly rosy—and I told her so. But she knew the risks and being a determined and high-hearted woman could not be dissuaded. . . . It needed a brave and warm-hearted outlook to tread the tightrope of village diplomacy at this epoch, to adventure into remote villages where only military patrols ever penetrated. And to elect to live completely outside the administrative barbed-wire took real courage."

The writer of this book gives evidence though of more than physical courage since she has made a real attempt to set down her experiences and her findings without prejudice and that, in such a tinder-dry, explosive situation, takes a good deal of doing. BELOW THE TIDE (Hutchinson. 16s.) is, consequently, an admirably personal yet objective account of war and peace in Cyprus and a real help to the reader who wishes to understand the basic differences and stresses in a tragic situation.

Mr. Lyman MacCallum, the child of Canadian missionaries, was born in Turkey and spent the greater part of his life there as an evangelist. His life's work was a translation of the Bible into modern Turkish and the circulation of the Scriptures among the Turks. To this he gave most of his energies and all his dedication till his death in 1955. CALL TO ISTANBUL (Longmans. 16s. 6d.) is the biography of a happy life, for he was essentially that in his work, his calling and his domestic life, and it has been sympathetically written by Miss Constance E. Padwick, who has used Lyman MacCallum's own journals, letters and writings to give the authentic character of the man himself, his simplicity and his sense of fun.

THE FIFTH AND FINAL PLAY IN THE STRATFORD SEASON: Googie Withers, as Beatrice, glances humorously at Michael Redgrave, who plays Benedick in the production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The play has been set by the producer, Douglas Seale, in the 1850's, in the Italy of "Rossini and Verdi." Gay music, crinolines, and elegant neo-Napoleonic uniforms, turn Shakespeare's play into a romantic and lighthearted comedy of manners.

Mr. Stanley Wade Baron is an American novelist with an assured and adult style, a practically cosmic sense of responsibility and an ability to depress beyond the ordinary. MATTERS OF CONCERN (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is his new book which is both accomplished and sophisticated. It is also highly moral in its message—and within its particular frame of reference, as Civil Servants used to say to one another. The story is, briefly, about a New Yorker who has recently served a three-month prison sentence for dope-peddling. Although perfectly innocent he has quixotically taken the blame for a dreary girl friend. On his release he finds his relations and acquaintances both generous and welcoming and, on a protracted visit to Virginia, finds a charming family life open to him, an easy love affair and no shadow of recrimination. Nevertheless, he persists in brooding over the childhood accident in which his brother lost an eye, scotches his affair, becomes involved—again quixotically—in a racial dispute and returns to New York, where he assumes responsibility for one of the most useless and squalid girls in or out of fiction. The trouble is not in the outsize load of guilt which the hero carries but in the fact that not even so graceful and vital an author as Mr. Baron can make the hero's problem anything but a little embarrassing. Of the quality of the writing there is no question.

TRAITORS' GATE (Hutchinson. 16s.) is Mr. Dennis Wheatley's most recent volume in the adventure saga of one Gregory Sallust, British secret agent, lean, sardonic, gun-carrying and a perfect devil with the ladies. The period is 1942 and the action takes place alternately between the basements of the War Cabinet, the Tower of London and Budapest. Full of both local and official colour, crammed with action and romantic to a fare-thee-well.

Mr. Walter O'Meara has gone back to the year A.D. 1212 for his tale of the Children's Crusade, THE DEVIL'S CROSS (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.). Sometimes, in novels which deal with a time as distant from our own as this one, the reader is aware that, although the research may have been scrupulous, there is still a stiffness of expression as if the barrier of years between the writer and his subject were almost impassable. Here there is no such feeling but a spontaneous expression of pity, terror and respect for courage that is as valid in these pages as in the chronicles of the times. Mr. O'Meara is to be congratulated on a far from ordinary feat.

The first two thrillers this week are English, the third an American production, and it is genuinely difficult to say which of them is the most worthy of commendation, so ingenious and technically competent are they all. TREASON IN THE EGG (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is by L. A. G. Strong, whose death a few weeks ago has been such a great loss to the world of letters. Mr. Strong was novelist, critic, lecturer, and writer of detective stories more recently. The present book with its humour, its freshness of expression and the wonderfully natural turn of its dialogue appears as the work of a writer at the height of his powers and it is all the more melancholy to reflect that we shall not enjoy any more books in this vein of his.

The setting is particularly original: a big country house given over to such public-spirited enterprises as the holding of conferences and lecture courses, and the Scotland Yard man most closely embroiled in the relevant crimes that occur is present primarily as a lecturer on music. By no means a run-of-the-mill situation or a banal exposition of it.

UNKNOWN ARABIA

An Adventurous Journey into Yemen

It has been well said that no country in the world—with the possible exception of Tibet—has succeeded in remaining so isolated as Yemen. The average Westerner knows little about this Arabian Kingdom. The Imam maintains an absolute and despotic rule; no one can enter or leave the country without his permission; public executions are a common spectacle and adulterers are stoned to death; the Yemenis chew a pernicious narcotic called qat. The kingdom has been in the news recently because of its associations with Nasser's United Arab Republic and because of its active encouragement to troublemakers on the Aden frontier. To this scant knowledge much can be added from THE YEMEN—A SECRET JOURNEY, by Hans Helfritz (Allen and Unwin. 25s.).

The author, having failed in his purpose of penetrating the interior of the country by entry through the recognised "front door" of the port of Hodeida, made his way in from the Hadhramaut through the "back door." Inevitably the authorities caught up with him and he spent some time in prison, but not before he had journeyed far and seen much hitherto hidden to Western eyes. Very sensibly he took a camera with him and his pictures form some of the best parts of the book. Mr. Helfritz does not make altogether clear at what time he was in Yemen. It was definitely before 1948 and other internal evidence points to the visit having been before the war. But since the face of the country has changed little through centuries, a survey at a distance of a decade or two can be regarded as contemporary.

The famous Lafayette, the "Hero of Two Worlds" towards the end of the eighteenth century, could approve and assist the American revolutionaries. He could oppose the corrupt tyranny of the French court and support the start of the French Revolution. But Jacobinism—the logical result of revolution—was too extreme for him. So he deserted from the French, and the Allies put him in prison in Olmütz, in Austria. Several attempts were made to rescue him. The most nearly successful was that undertaken by a German doctor, Georg Bollmann, and an American medical student, Francis Huger. The story of the rescue that failed in 1794 is told by Constance Wright in A CHANCE FOR GLORY (Barrie. 21s.). She has put much careful research into the documents necessary for this book but admits that at times she has taken liberties with Clio. Nevertheless the narrative of the planning by Bollmann and the ill-fated effort to snatch the prisoner from his guards is extremely well told.

Emile Zola was a novelist who gave many of his plots a firm background of fact. *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* is a good example. A new translation under the title of HIS EXCELLENCY, by Alec Brown (Elek. 18s.), is now added to this publisher's uniform edition of Zola's works. The translator has entered into the genius of the author who started to write a satire on the politics of the Second Empire and ended by writing a love story. Mr. Brown is to be congratulated for the way he makes the character of the austere Rougon live for those who cannot fully appreciate the original French.

THE ELDER STATESMAN": In Mr. T. S. Eliot's new play, which had its world première at the Edinburgh Festival at the Lyceum Theatre, the characters are, from left to right, Mrs. Carghill (Eileen Peel), Lord Claverton (Paul Rogers), Frederico Gomez (William Squire), Michael Claverton-Ferry (Alec McCowen), Monica Claverton-Ferry (Anna Massey), Charles Hemington (Richard Gale), and Mrs. Piggott (Dorothea Phillips). Lord Claverton is an old statesman, exhausted and having suffered one stroke, who is confronted by two figures from his past, an aging actress and a corrupt South American. They show him that he is a failure, a failure who has convinced himself of his own success. In the light of a bitter self-knowledge, the Elder Statesman tells his devoted daughter that he has had her love on false pretences but is comforted by the realisation that she loves him for what he is, not as the man he has pretended to be. Finally, he dies in mysterious circumstances.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Celia Fremlin's thriller, THE HOURS BEFORE DAWN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), is as accurate in its domestic details as a Chardin painting (or an issue of that splendid rarity, *The Nursery World*), and as full of tension as a Hitchcock film. Fairer than that I can hardly say, though I will admit that the domestic routine of cooking, washing, feeding babies and getting children off to school might confuse anyone who was not familiar with these duties—at one remove. Psychologically, I would say that the beginning in the author's plot was sound and certainly it tells an exciting story. Recommended especially to anyone who ever thought that the suburbs were necessarily dull.

ROOT OF EVIL (Heinemann. 15s.) is by Mr. James Ross, starts in California and ends, with several bangs, in Germany. Its least improbable angle is the finding of buried treasure (the classic one of gold coins) and it has a generous allowance of beautiful girls, sadistic villains and fast-driving, hard-drinking heroes. In spite of all which, or perhaps because of it, this is a perfectly readable, perfectly competent adventure story, told very much in the present-day idiom and with almost every mechanical device in it but helicopters and submarines. Recommended nevertheless.

Vernon Fane

Unless the author has a highly personal narrative to relate, the acid test for books about World War II should be whether they add anything to the known facts. The mass of official documents and the memoirs of service chiefs should keep any serious student occupied for months. Therefore it may be asked what has a volume entitled STALINGRAD (Michael Joseph. 25s.) got to offer to the vast library about that decisive battle. The author is Heinz Schröter, a German war correspondent. The publishers assure us that the theme provides a subject for a tragedy on the Æschylean scale. The trouble is that Herr Schröter is not Æschylus.

Robert E. Merriam provides an account of an action on another front in THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES (Souvenir Press. 21s.). It is utter rubbish to proclaim, as is done on the dust-jacket, that this was "World War II's most desperate battle." Mr. Merriam, an American, served with his army's Historical Division. He has interviewed many of the generals concerned on both sides in the Ardennes and all he really does is to confirm the established fact that it was Montgomery who won the day for the Allies.

CASSELL'S ITALIAN DICTIONARY (30s.) is an entirely new Italian-English and English-Italian lexicon. It has been compiled by Professor Piero Rebora, now at Milan University and formerly at Manchester, with the assistance of Dr. Guercio, of London University, and Arthur L. Hayward. They have aimed at a single volume of some 1,000 pages dealing with contemporary and not archaic speech. It would be easy to quarrel with certain points of their selection, but on the whole the compilers have succeeded in their object admirably. C. D.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

THE OLD VIC'S "TWELFTH NIGHT": Olivia (Jane Downs) clutches the arm of Viola (Barbara Jefford) in a scene from Shakespeare's play, presented by the London Old Vic Company on the open stage of the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh. Although this production was in repertory in London, with a slightly different cast, for several months, people flocked to see it in Scotland, charmed by the fertility of invention and clever lighting.

CHARACTERS IN MR. ELIOT'S PLAY: *On left*—Mrs. Carghill, the aging actress the Elder Statesman once seduced, and Frederico Gomez, the old college friend who has thrived on corruption, are the two figures from the past. *On right*—Monica comforts her father, Lord Claverton, the Elder Statesman.

THE OPENING CONCERT OF THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL: Otto Klemperer conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Usher Hall. The orchestra played a Beethoven programme, opening with the "Consecration of the House" overture, followed by the Sixth Symphony. With the main work, the Fifth Symphony, the orchestra's fine sense of style and Dr. Klemperer's authoritative and impersonal conducting were much in evidence.

PAVING THE WAY FOR TRAFFIC IN BRITAIN

Bridges and Roundabouts Form an Important Part of the London to Birmingham Motorway

The construction of the London to Birmingham motorway, which was inaugurated only six months ago, is now in such an advanced stage that already long stretches of the ground along which the route gently winds and curves have been excavated. In some cases, the concrete road foundations for lengths carrying dual-carriageways have already been laid. Not only that, but many of the motorway's bridges, footpaths and roundabouts are rapidly taking shape.

The astonishingly fast rate at which Britain's "highway of the future" is progressing reflects credit on the actual technique of construction and planning of materials worked out by the contractors, John Laing and Son Ltd. In each four-mile stretch of motorway, the material removed from the cuttings is enough to provide for the embankments in the same stretch. Thus, materials do not have to be hauled expensively for long distances. Where the route lies across hills and valleys, cuttings and embankments have been made, involving the excavation of 5,000,000 cubic yards of earth. Where existing roads cut across the line of the motorway, temporary diversions have been built. Already, ninety out of the 133 permanent bridges are under construction, including multi-span viaducts, and work on the laying of the concrete base is to be speeded up until 20,000 cubic yards of lean concrete—equal to one mile of motorway—are being laid every week.

The new London to Birmingham road, which will be the first large-scale motorway to be completed in this country, has been described as "the most extended civil operation since the railways were built." Planning such an enormous undertaking involved a great amount of time in reaching amicable agreement with the many bodies and individuals affected by its being built. The final results should please the motorist, who will find travel both fast and enjoyable.

BRITAIN'S HIGHWAY OF THE FUTURE: The broad path of the dual-carriageway under construction on the London Colney section of the by-pass at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, cuts through the countryside, giving some idea of the quickly changing landscape. The by-pass, sixteen miles in length, forms part of the London to Birmingham motorway, on which work was started in March.

TWO STAGES IN THE PROGRESS OF A REMARKABLY AMBITIOUS PROJECT: *Left*—A view of the excavations at London Colney, where a roundabout is being constructed to form part of the St. Albans by-pass. *Right*—A bridge takes shape over the old Roman Road of Watling Street at Redbourn, Hertfordshire. During June, bridge construction on the London to Birmingham motorway was proceeding at the rate of ten a week. Altogether, 133 bridges, including multi-span viaducts, have to be constructed.

IMPROVING A WATERWAY

A Development Scheme in Progress on the River Lee Navigation, in Greater London, at a Cost of £864,000

ON THE RIVER LEE: Below Tottenham Lock barges wait to pass through. Ferry Lane Wharf is in the left background. A new lock is being constructed here.

TOTTENHAM LOCK: The lock is filled with water to enable a barge to pass upstream. Improvements are being made on the river between Enfield Lock and the Thames.

Now under way, the scheme of improvements to the River Lee Navigation was announced some time ago as part of the British Transport Commission's £5,500,000 Development Plan covering the principal inland waterways of Britain. The scheme for this London waterway was the first announced—at a cost of £864,000. It is hoped to reduce by half the time taken by the large Lee craft in navigating the locks above Old Ford; it was planned to open up the whole section from the Thames to Enfield, a distance of 13½ miles, to the largest barges used by carriers; and it was proposed to provide modern standards of bank protection and dredging.

Bank protection, completed in stretches, involves 32,000 ft. of steel piling and 3,000 ft. of mass concrete walling. Owing to the use of powered craft and to dredging, much of the old stone-walling protecting the towpath between Limehouse and Lee Bridge, Leyton, and between Stonebridge Lock, Tottenham, and Angel Road, Edmonton, has required replacement. Steel piling, driven in front of the existing walls, is used for this work. To avoid delays to craft at the Tottenham and Stonebridge Locks, at Tottenham, and at Pickett's Lock, at Edmonton, the single locks are being doubled, each new lock being large enough to take a 135-ton, 18-ft.-wide barge. A similar new lock is being built at Ponders End, where the existing single lock is only 16½ ft. wide. In addition to the new bridge at Tottenham Lock, Three Mills Lane Bridge, Bow, is being reconstructed to provide a wider waterway with increased headroom. The Lee fleet of dredging hoppers is being brought up to a standard strength of twenty-eight steel barges.

On left—

FERRY LANE BRIDGE: With the improvements at the Tottenham Lock a new bridge at Ferry Lane is being built. The scheme was the first project started under the £5,500,000 Development Plan for Britain's Waterways.

AN INDUSTRIAL WATERWAY: Under Ferry Lane Bridge, the lock at Tottenham is visible in the background. Nearly fifty barges use this waterway, mostly carrying coal. Figures given for 1955 show that 2,433,000 tons were carried—coal, liquids in bulk, and other traffic, mainly timber and non-ferrous metals. Most of the traffic is received by barges from the Pool of London, transhipped from ocean-going vessels.

A CENTRE OF INTEREST: Children at Tottenham Lock watch a barge passing through. Extreme left is a mechanical tractor used to tow the craft. Work on the waterway comprises bank protection, bridge construction and replacement, and new locks.

PRELUDE TO THE MOTOR SHOW

Debut of New Models ; the Three-Lane Road System ; B.M.C.'s Record ; an Outspoken Critic : the Victor and the Minx ; and Other Notes

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE shortcomings of this year's summer seem worse than ever when one realises the London Motor Show is little more than six weeks away. What will this exciting October fixture produce in the way of surprises ? Present indications are that there is not likely to be anything very sensational, though the London Motor Show has a happy knack of confounding the critics. I think it can be assumed that three of the Big Six will have nothing new to offer. They will be content with minor "face-lifting."

What of the others ? One will bring out an attractive new baby car of unusual appearance. Another will offer a greatly improved model of its well-known medium-size family saloon. The third is announcing a bigger engine for its old-established " bread-and-butter " family car and the revival of a model which has been out of production for some time. Of the independents, one will be announcing a brand new model—a big saloon with modern styling which will be their most expensive car. Another large independent has on the stocks a greatly improved version of its big saloon. The alterations relate more to mechanical specification than to looks.

SLEEK, FAST AND COMFORTABLE: The 2·2-litre engine fitted in the new Bristol model, the 406, gives greater flexibility of performance and improved torque in the lower engine speed range. The body is of a completely new design giving an increase in interior space while still maintaining the aerodynamic lines characteristic of previous models.

I wish I were at liberty to say more about these interesting new cars, but for obvious reasons their identity must remain concealed until their makers are ready to announce them. British car manufacturers no longer make a fetish of holding their new models for the Show.

The British Motor Corporation, who make nearly half the cars sold in Britain, have, indeed, announced as official policy that in future they will bring out their new designs at the most favourable date from the point of view of production schedules and export demands. They are quite right, of course. Since the war the trading pattern of the British motor industry has undergone tremendous changes. Export business has assumed an importance which before the war was merely the stuff of dreams. Now the leaders of our big firms have to think globally as they go into production with a new model costing several millions of pounds to launch. And against the background of their marketing programme there is little virtue in saving up a model for the Motor Show, though October may in some cases be the best time for the announcement.

Another very important aspect of this problem of release dates is the need to spread home sales as evenly as possible over the twelve months of the year.

Before the war there was a traditional slump in car sales in the U.K. in August and September, this being mainly due to the fact that almost every manufacturer produced new or re-vamped models for the following year. Motorists were not keen on buying, at the end of September, a car that would be " dated " the following month. This so-called equalisation programme that is being pursued by the industry nowadays to even out the valleys and peaks of the sales charts is important to the worker as well as to the management.

Another feature of this trend is the effort that is being made by the car makers to persuade their distributors and dealers to stock up during the winter to a much greater extent than in the past. This procedure has the double advantage of keeping production going at a normally slack time and relieving pressure on the factories when spring comes round and everyone wants a new car at the same time.

The more I drive on British roads the more I am convinced of the danger of the three-lane system. It is an invitation to the head-on crash. I have seen scores of " near misses " as cars travelling in opposite directions decide to " chance it." It 's all very well to say, as Ministry of Transport officials do, that it 's the duty of each motorist to make sure that the way is clear. What these same officials should have learned long ago is that there are many motorists who have to be protected against their own folly.

In these days of 100-m.p.h. cars it is not easy, on a winding road, to be certain that the way is clear, especially if the car which decides to overtake in the middle lane is several years old with inferior powers of acceleration. Let us hope that when the double white line system becomes law, if ever it does, it is intelligently implemented; and that the peril of the three-lane highway will be eliminated for good and all. This could be done by clearly limiting overtaking to one direction only on every stretch of road where the driver's view forward is obscured.

It was a fine production and export record that Sir Leonard Lord, chairman of the British Motor Corporation, announced the other day. In the year ended July 31, the Austin-Nuffield combine sold 504,712 vehicles of all types—a record for any European manufacturer. My only regret is that Sir Leonard did not give us a breakdown between cars, commercial vehicles and tractors. But B.M.C. are by no means the only British car firm who are shy of giving such details.

The British Roadfarers' Club had the pleasure recently of entertaining to lunch Mr. George Lanchester, one of three famous brothers who helped to develop the motor-car in its pioneer days. Fred, Frank and George were a formidable trio and many of their automobile ideas were ahead of their time. So it was interesting to hear Mr. George criticising present-day British car designers. He said he thought automobile design in Britain had stagnated. Continental firms were showing the way, as with their rear-engined models. He described as entirely fallacious the objections to the rear-engine formula by British designers.

Mr. Lanchester—he is eighty-four—was no less outspoken on the subject of road safety. He paid tribute to the Government for having started at long last to build better roads, but declared: "The better the roads, the faster motorists will drive and I don't think the new roads will have an appreciable effect on the accident ratio." He thought that 75 per cent. of to-day's drivers had neither the nerve nor the skill to drive at 60 m.p.h., let alone 100.

If you like that kind of motoring, which I don't, the Vauxhall Victor, fitted with an automatic clutch, is a very pleasant car to drive. I had the use of one for a long journey not long ago and found that the two-pedal control works very well, though I never could seem to make a quick change from bottom to middle gear. That may have been a fault of the gear control linkage on the individual car I borrowed rather than a defect of the automatic clutch. Once again full marks must be awarded to the Luton firm for extending synchromesh to the bottom gear. It helps a lot. The Victor is a comfortable car, with good brakes and steering.

Victor owners who would like to step up the performance of the smooth 1½-litre engine may like to know that the Alexander Engineering Co., of Haddenham, Bucks, offer a " conversion " which, for £42, greatly improves the car's acceleration and raises the top speed by 6 m.p.h. to 82. This particular conversion system employs a new idea in induction manifold design, based on harmonics and resonance. Mr. Mike Christie, the managing director of Alexander Engineering, says the converted engine actually gives its maximum power—a 25 per cent. increase—at lower revs.

The Hillman Minx has always been a rugged little car, as well as a good-looker, and a news story from South Africa helps to confirm the fact. Four young South Africans, whose ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-two, recently took a standard 1958 Minx over the notorious Sani Pass, between Natal and Basutoland. It took them 12 hours, five of which were in the dark. The surface of the track was appalling, hairpin followed hairpin in giddy succession and only a few inches from the car's wheels there were unprotected drops of thousands of feet.

The only modification made to the Minx was the fitting of stone shields for sump and fuel tank. It was just as well, for a report of the motoring adventure says the bottom of the car " kept banging on the rocks and thumping down with a frightening jar." The many exploits of the Hillman Minx, of which the Sani Pass escapade is the latest, form a motoring saga which reflects the greatest credit on both manufacturers and drivers.

British cars did well in the Rhodesian Mobilgas Economy Run, the first ever held in that country. Outright winner was a Standard Ensign fitted with overdrive. It averaged 48·1 m.p.g. Class wins were also achieved by Morris Minor, Vauxhall Victor, Austin A.105 and Jaguar 3·4.

If you are a seasoned camper please do not read any more of this article. It might upset you. For I am about to refer to press-button camping, American style. The Ford Company of Detroit have fitted up a station wagon which must be the lazy camper's idea of paradise. To look at, out on the open road, the Ford estate car is just like an ordinary estate car with an upturned boat strapped to the roof. But watch that car as it parks at its selected lakeside camping site and you will see strange things happening.

Without getting out of the car the driver presses a button and the rooftop boat lifts itself up and drops to the side of the car, to a position from which it can be easily detached for launching. The driver presses another button and a tent takes shape on top of the car, where the boat was. Inside is a double bed, complete with reading light. The driver now gets out of the car and opens the tailgate. Then he presses a third button—and, hey presto, a complete kitchen unit slides magically out from inside the car. It has a refrigerator, a stove with two burners and a washbasin with hot and cold running water. How much ? Not in production yet and unlikely ever to be—if you ask me.

PROVING ITS WORTH IN SOUTH AFRICA: A Hillman Minx nears the top of Black Mountain Pass, 10,360 ft. above sea-level, during a hazardous journey over the notorious Sani Pass.

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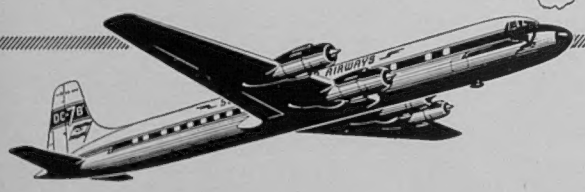

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TRAINING HELICOPTER PILOTS

The First Flight Simulator Representing the Actions of a Helicopter is an Invaluable Training Aid

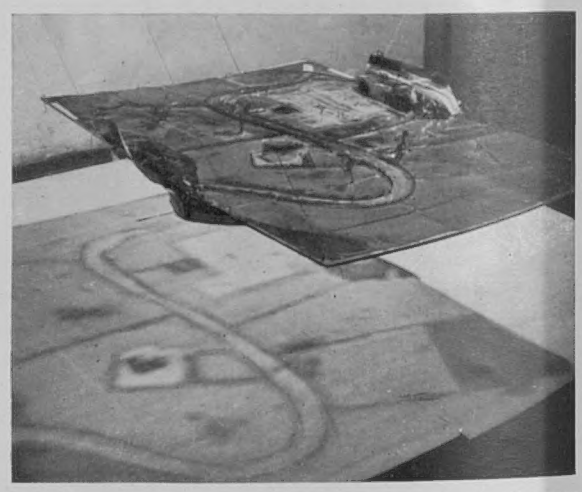
LEARNING TO FLY: A pupil pilot at the controls in a helicopter flight simulator developed by Short Brothers and Harland Limited, of Belfast. The aircraft is approaching a flat-roofed house, one of the features of the projected landscape in the mock-up.

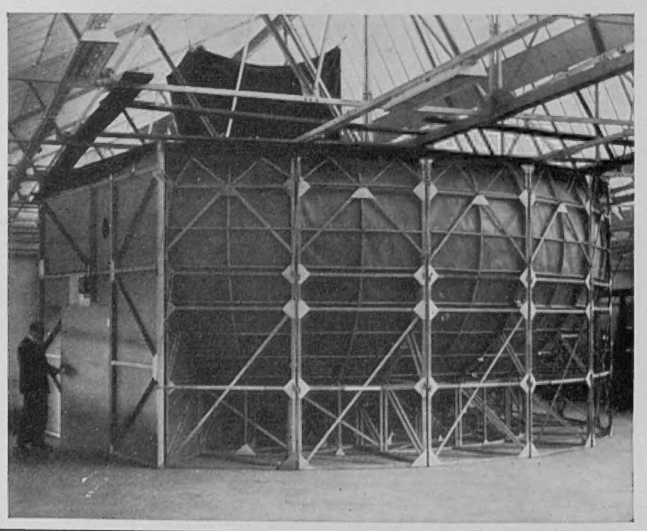
For some time there has been a growing realisation that a flight simulator capable of representing the behaviour of a real helicopter, and giving as far as possible the correct physical sensations, would be an invaluable training aid. Short Brothers and Harland Ltd. have undertaken considerable research in this field and the Short helicopter flight simulator is now in an advanced stage of development. It can be used to simulate hovering, forward flight and autorotation; and transition from one of these conditions to another. It is also suitable for conversion for different types of helicopter and for research into control and stability.

The simulator is designed ultimately to incorporate a computing system which can be set up to simulate the behaviour of a wide range of aircraft. It also provides for varying climatic conditions which affect performance and for the introduction of emergencies. The pupil pilot can see most of the sights and hear most of the sounds encountered in actual flying, and experiences many of the actual physical sensations. Seated in a full-size cockpit, which forms part of an abbreviated fuselage supported on a universal mounting, he becomes familiar with the actual angular motion of the aircraft in hovering and is able to "fly" at will over a three-dimensional landscape.

Servo motors on the two axes of the mounting enable the pitch and bank attitudes of the fuselage to be controlled according to electrical signals generated by the associated computing equipment in response to demands received from the pilot's controls. Apparent freedom in azimuth is unlimited. The yawing oscillations are not applied to the cabin itself, but the change in heading is represented by traversing a colour image projected on a curved screen surrounding the cabin. This image gives the pilot the impression of being surrounded by a landscape stretching to the horizon. The image used is a composite one cast by two projectors which are linked together in their yawing motions.

One, a horizon projector below the cockpit, casts an image of the sky above the horizon line and of the land or sea below it. The horizon remains always above the level of the pilot's eye. The second, or landscape projector, is situated above the pilot's cockpit. It throws on the screen the image of a landscape of limited area blending into the horizon image.





THE SIMULATOR'S INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR: A close-up of the transparent three-dimensional landscape model used in the mock-up projector. *On left*—An exterior view of the simulator mock-up. The simulator's landscape permits flights by visual reference within an area of 360 yards diameter and up to a height of 400 ft., enabling the pilot to make autorotative descents from "safety heights" to suitable emergency landings. The landscape represents a landing strip 150 ft. long with hangars and windsock.

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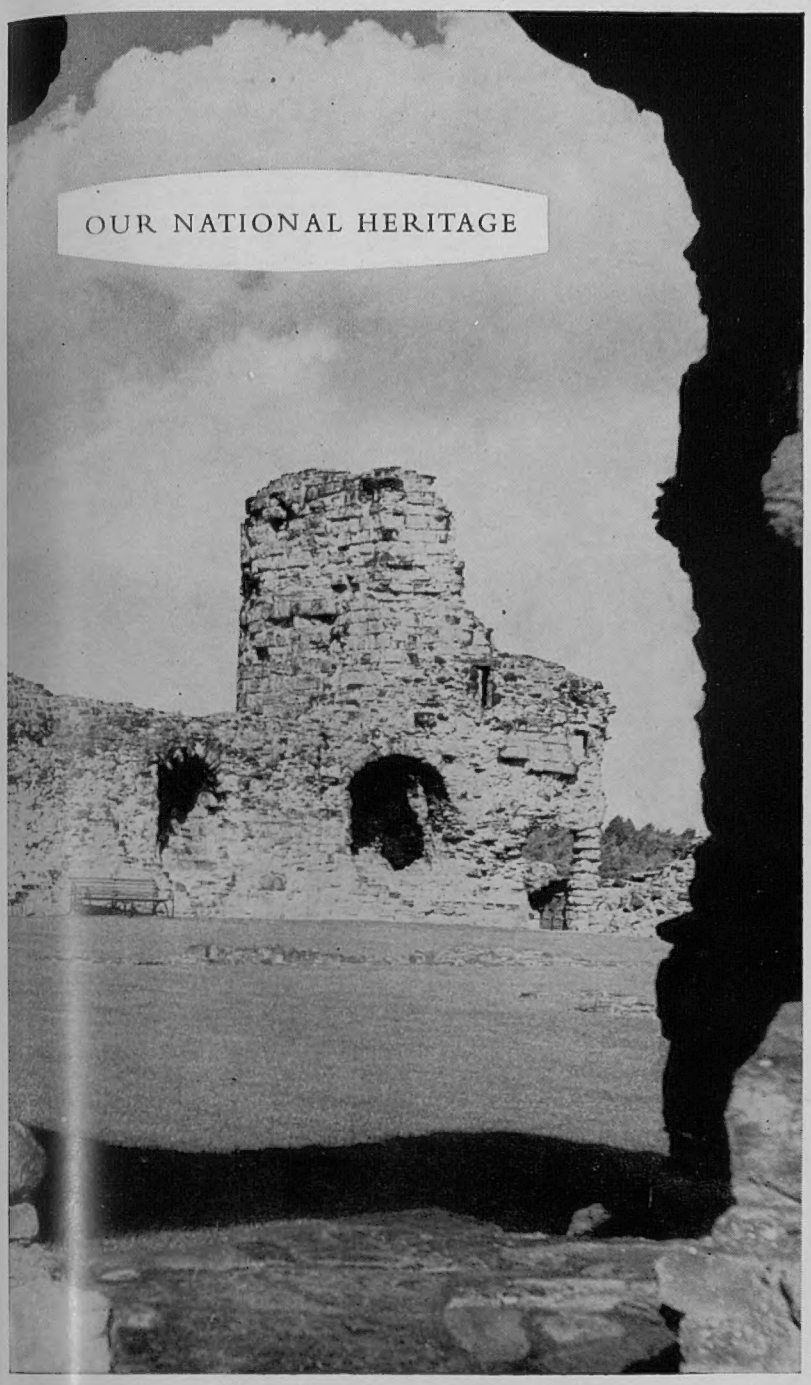

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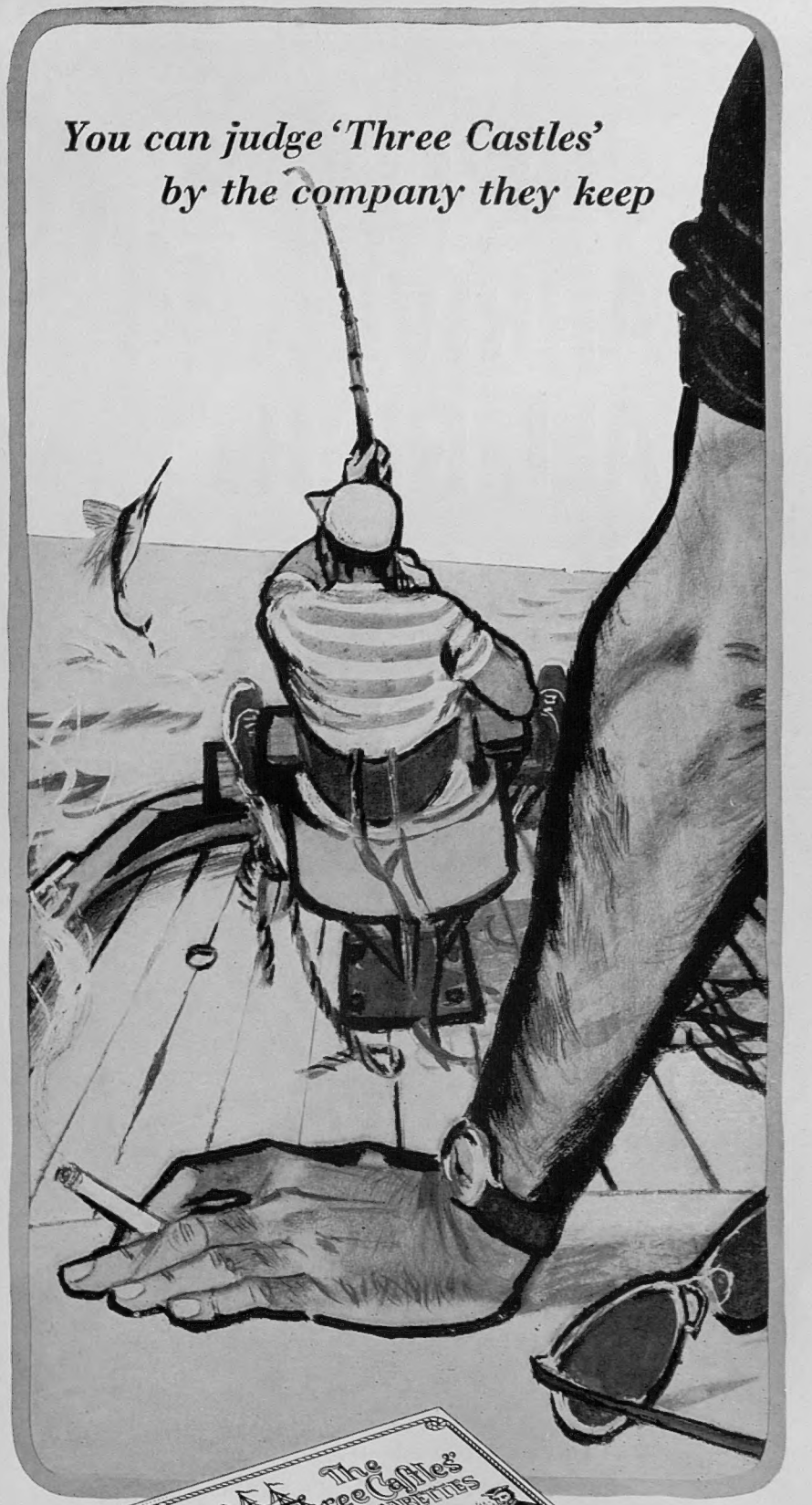

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Snug in a 'Fiberite' packing case, the most unlikely load has a way of getting there safe as houses. The penalty of virtue is that the name 'Fiberite' has become almost a generic term for packing cases. But *genuine* 'Fiberite' cases are made only by Thames Board Mills—some in solid fibreboard for solid strength, some in corrugated fibreboard for shock resistance, some in cunning blends of the two. As the country's leading makers of board and cases, we naturally feel that we can give you the right container for your product. Leave it to us—we'll take as much care in the packaging for your product as you take in making it.

'FIBERITE' PACKING CASES

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THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD., Purfleet, Essex & Warrington, Lancs

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